

PUNCH

COMICS

NOVEMBER
1933

THE
PUNCH
COMICS
BY PUNCH





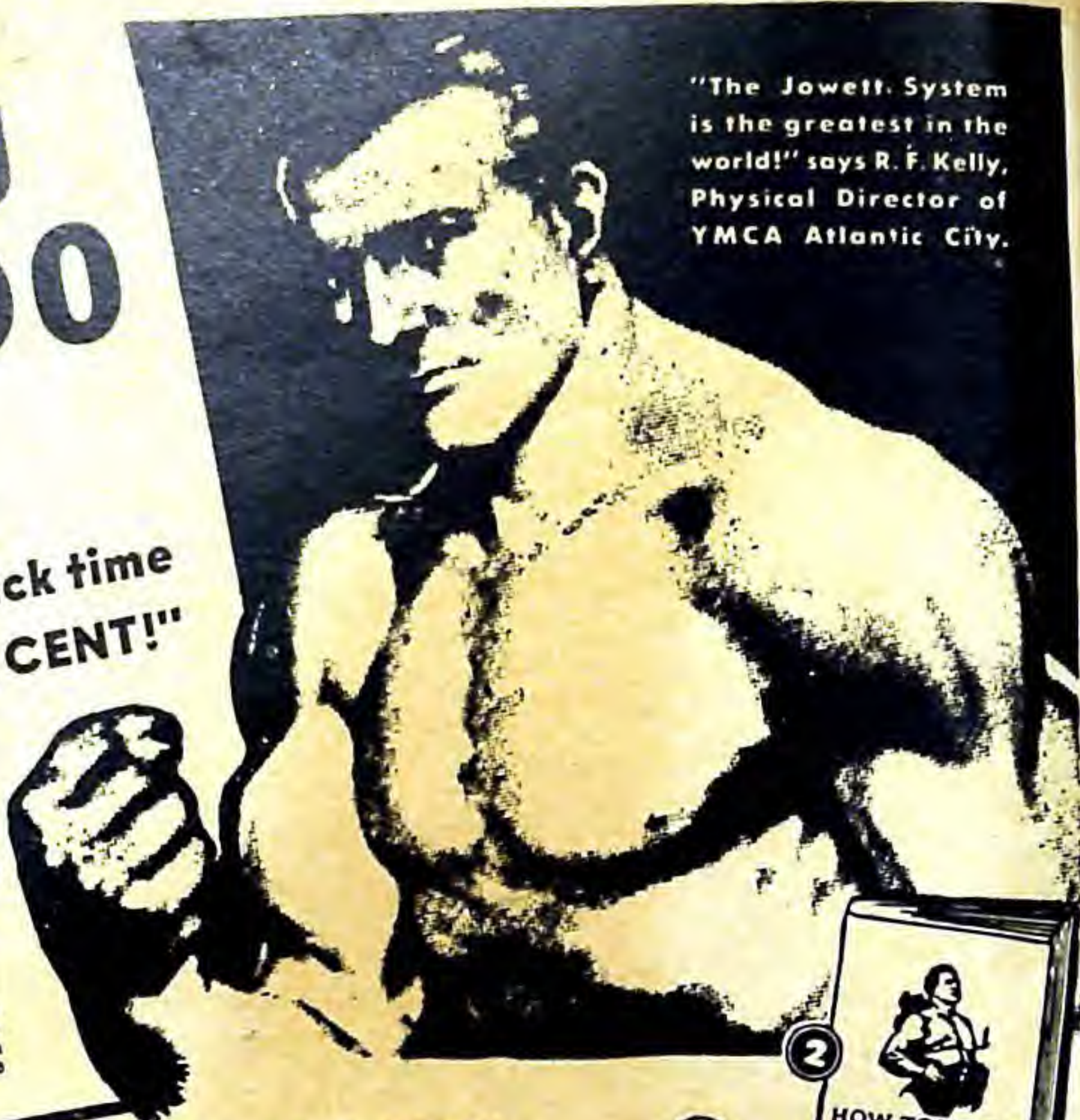
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

"Make Me Prove . . .
**I CAN MAKE YOU
 COMMANDO
 -TOUGH**
 inside and out . . . in double quick time
 —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
 whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director of YMCA Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
 NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
 or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
 230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 651, New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
 Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
 230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 651, New York 1, N. Y.

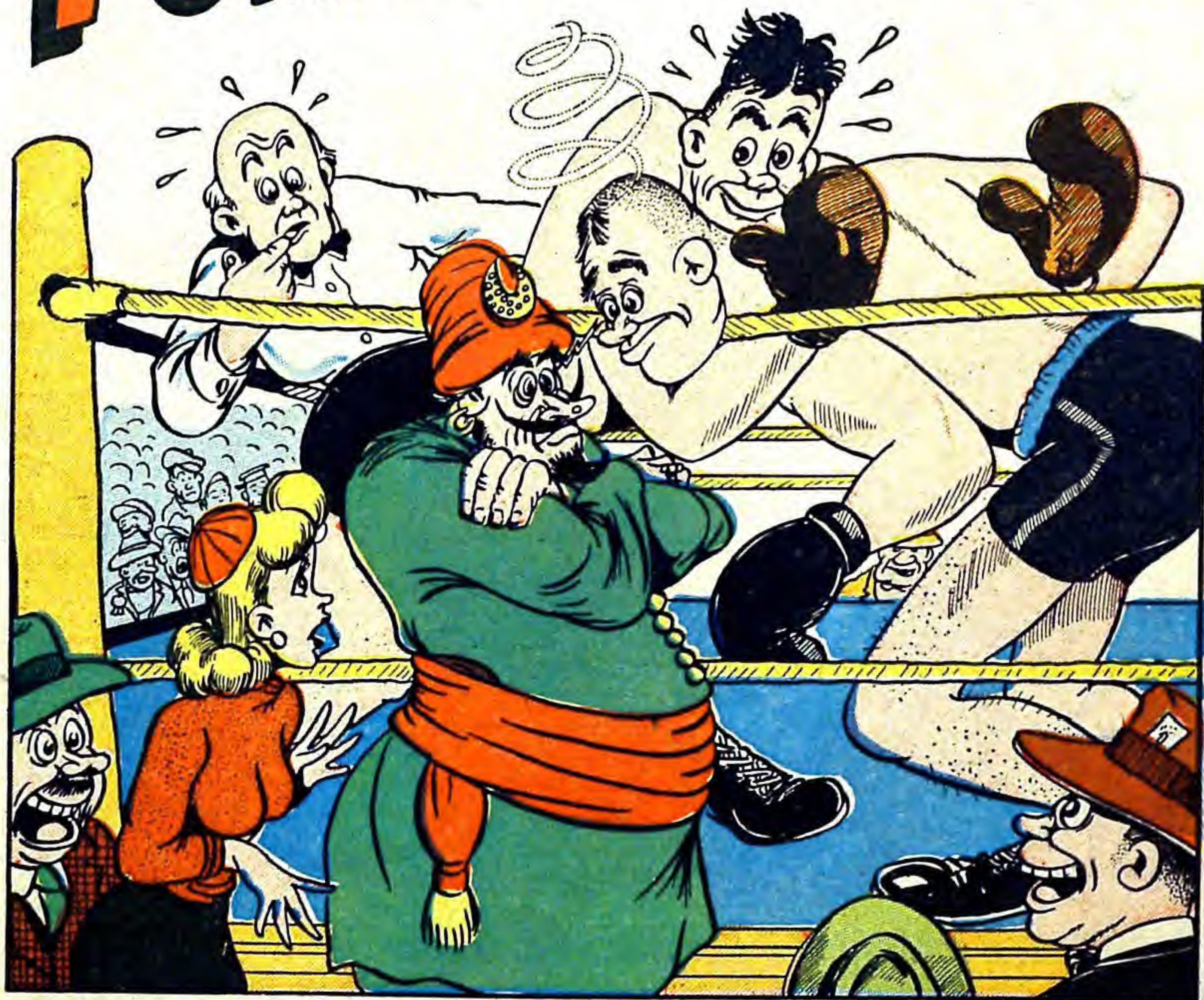
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

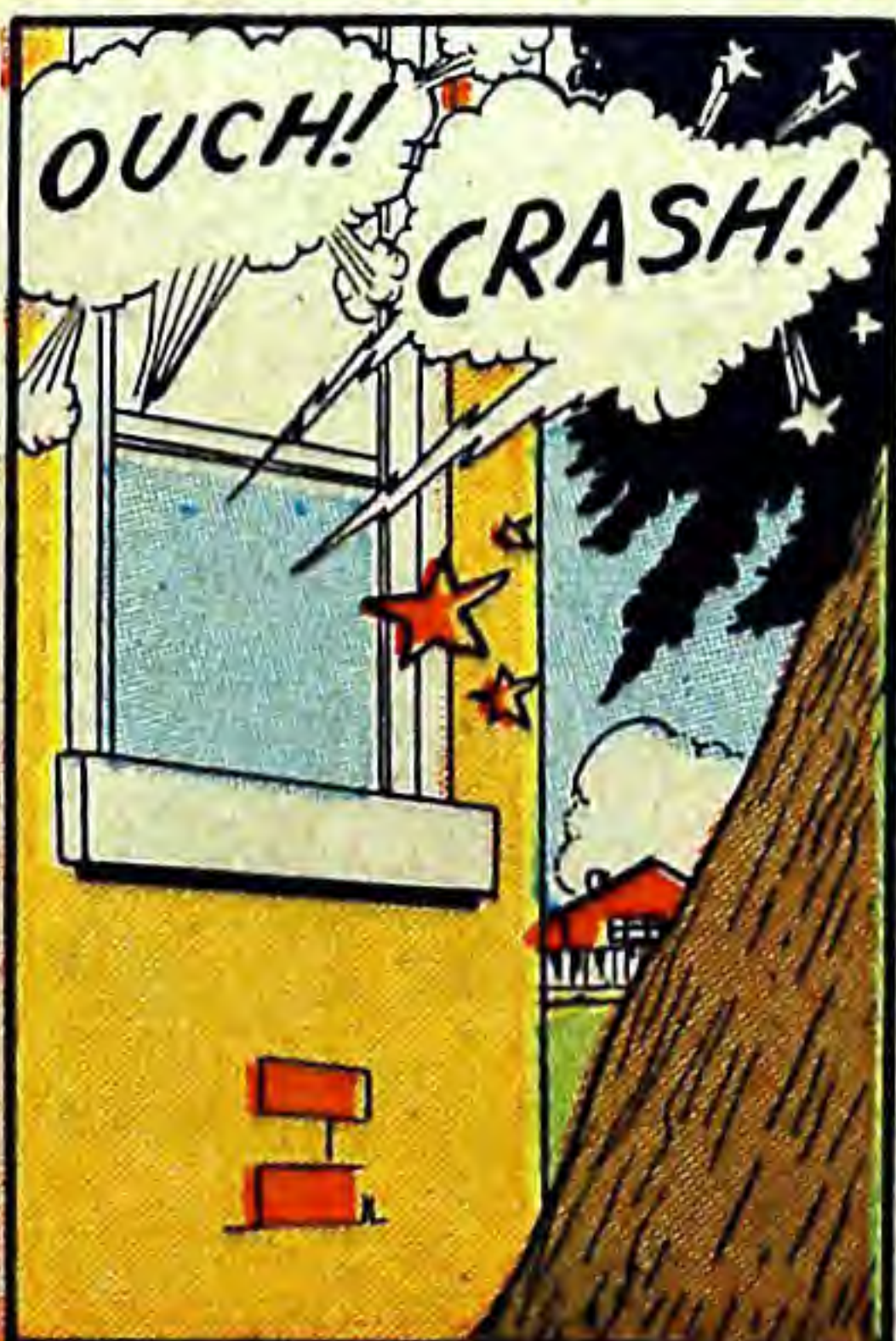
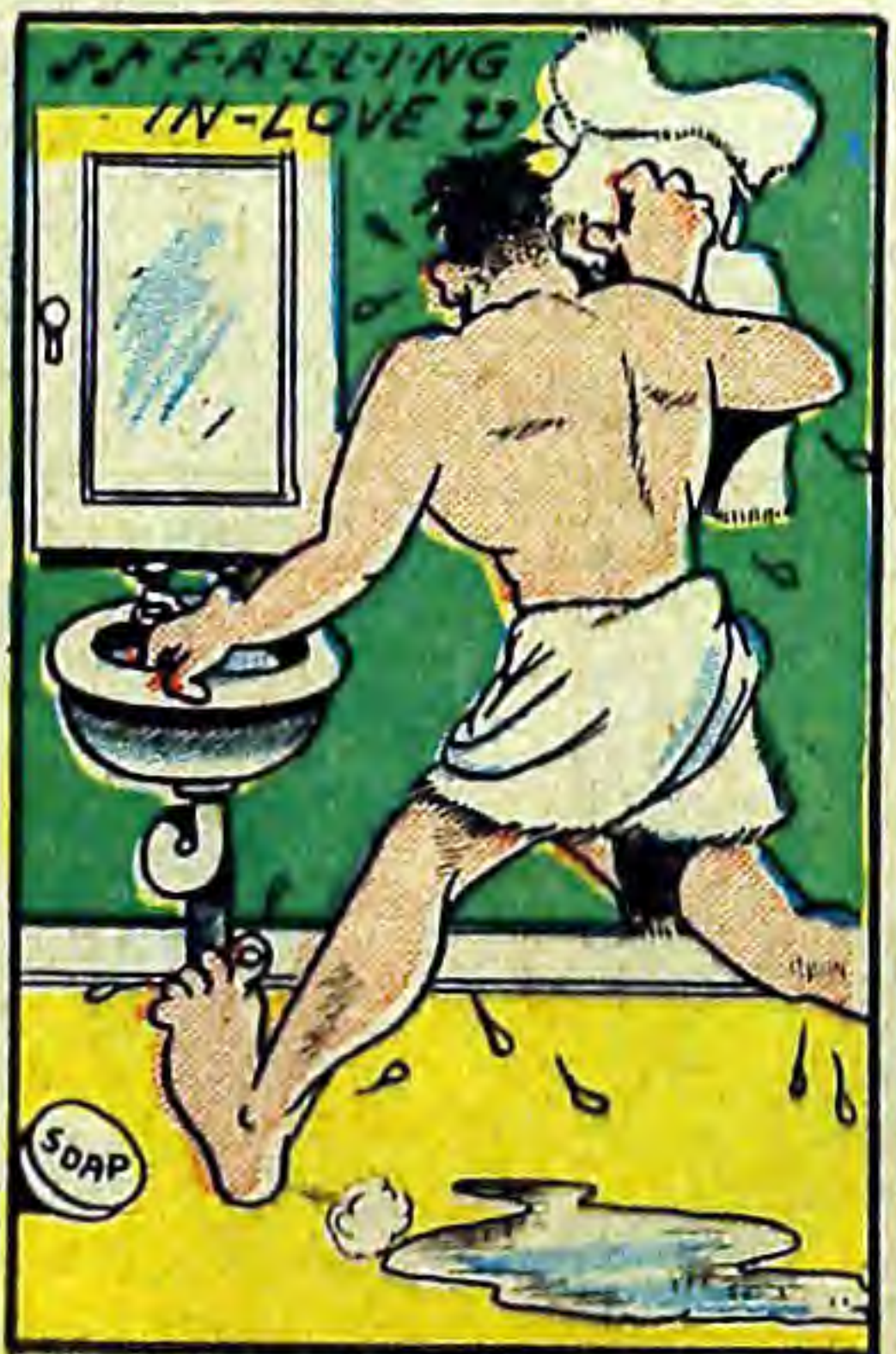
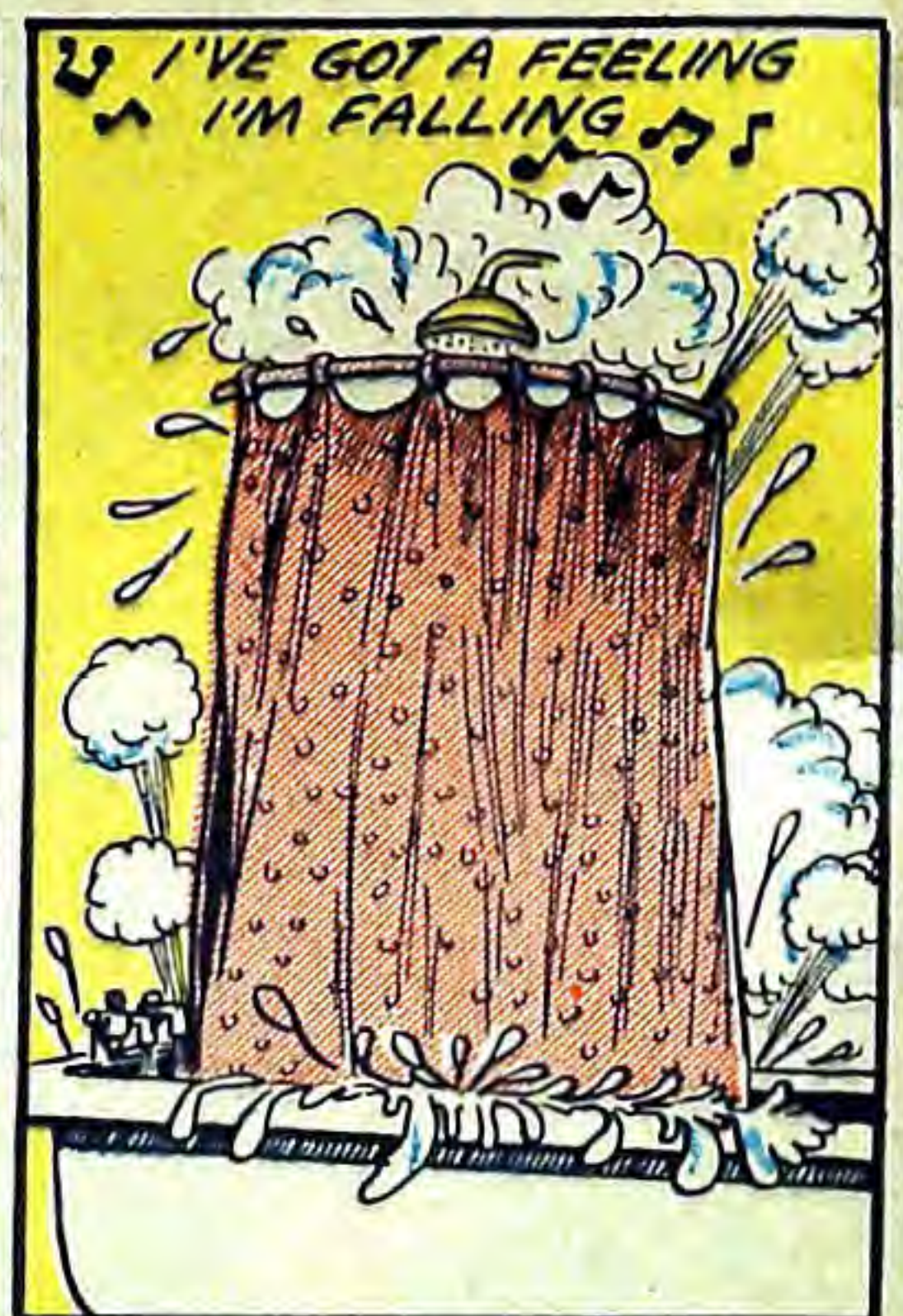
- ☐ All 5 courses for . . . \$1 ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME _____ Age _____
 Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS _____

PUNCH AND CUTEY

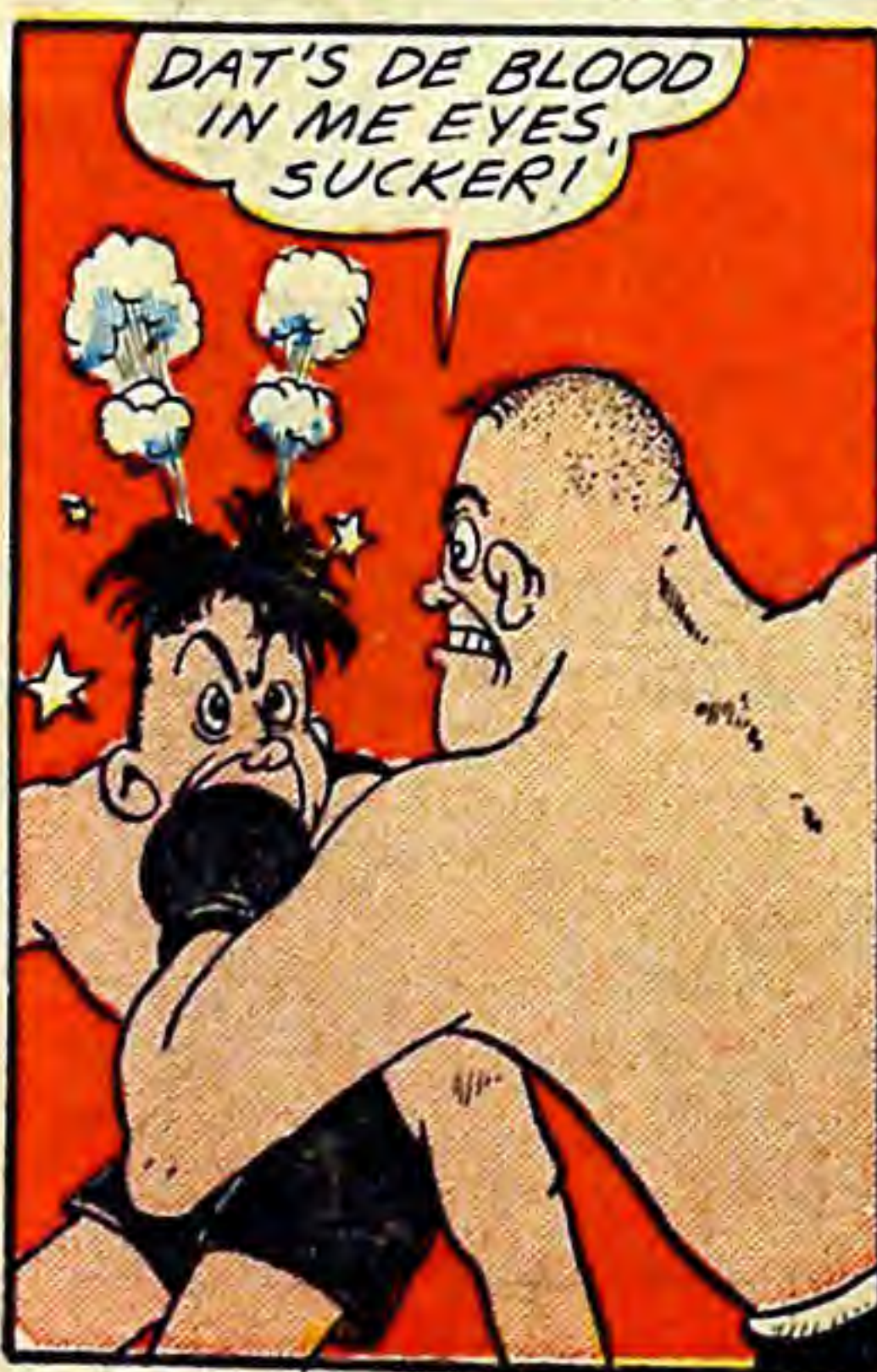
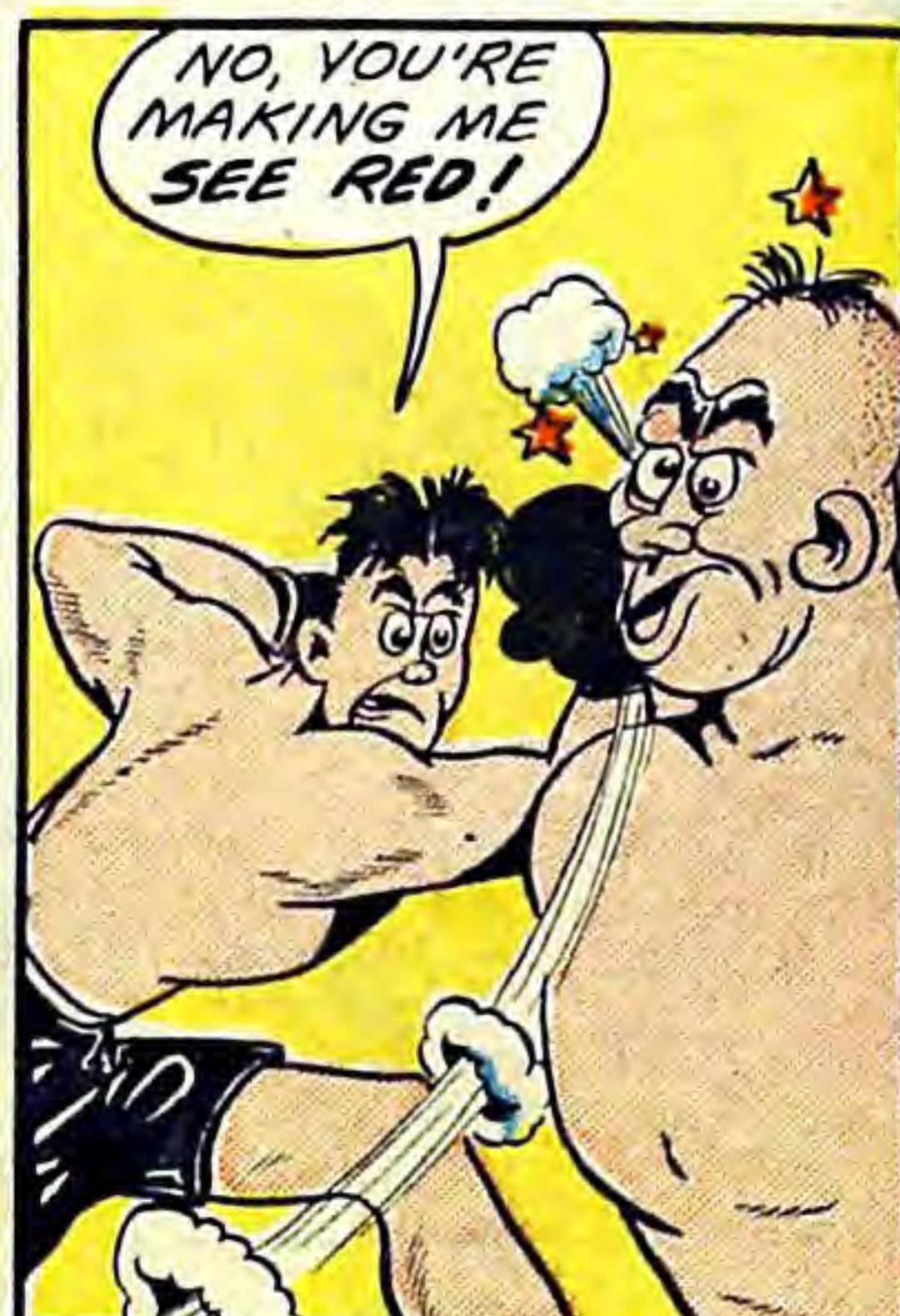
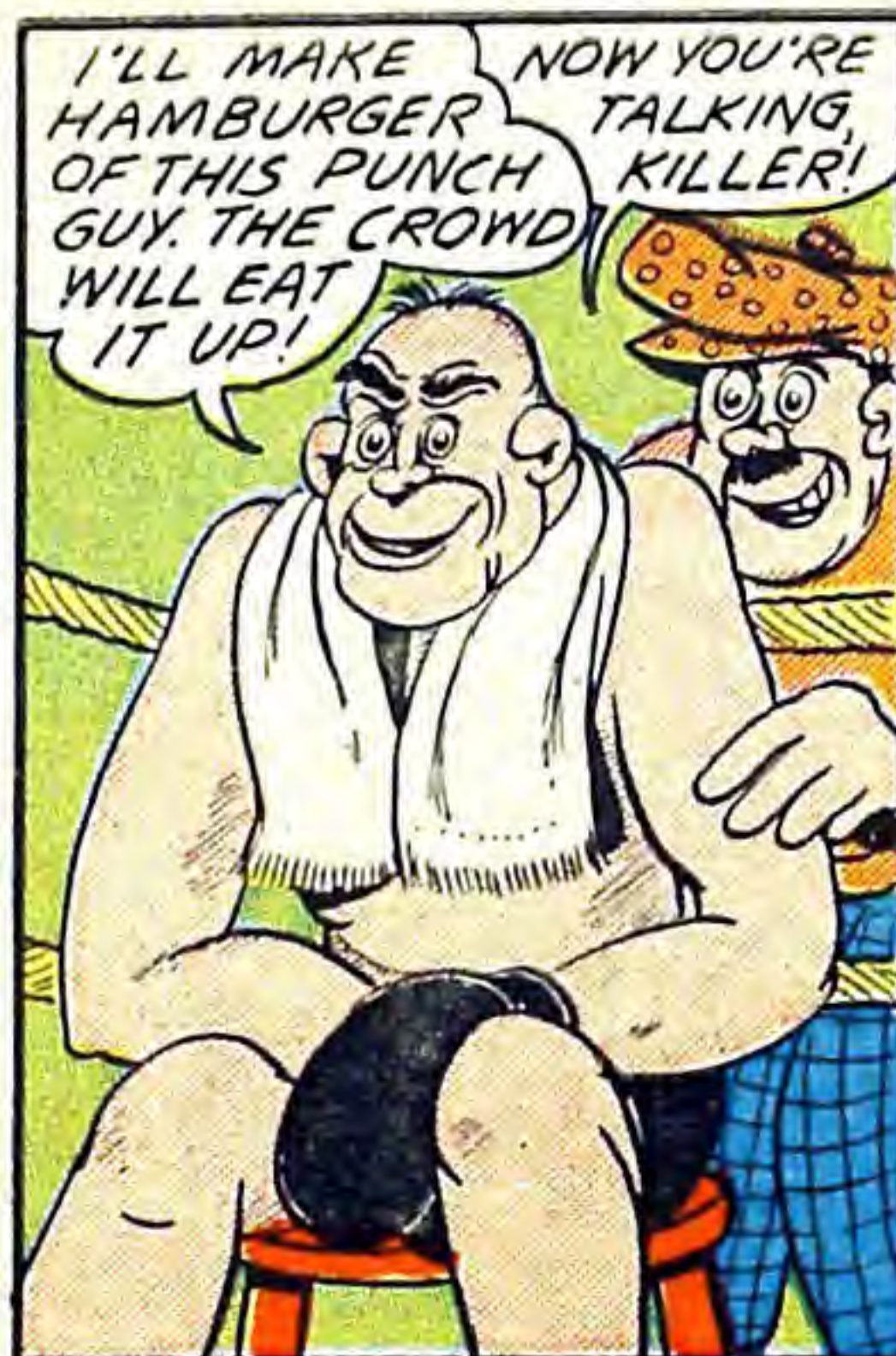


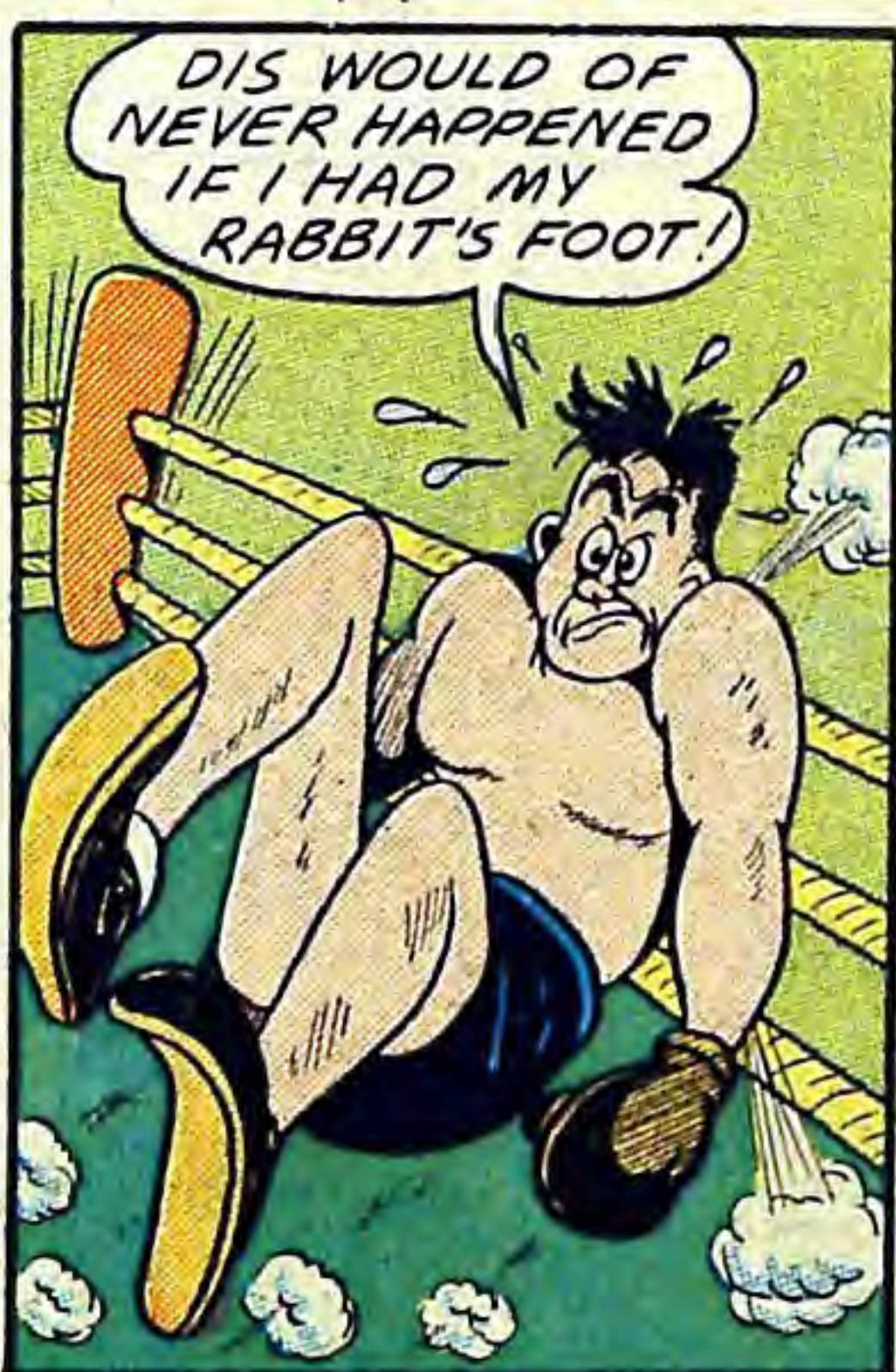




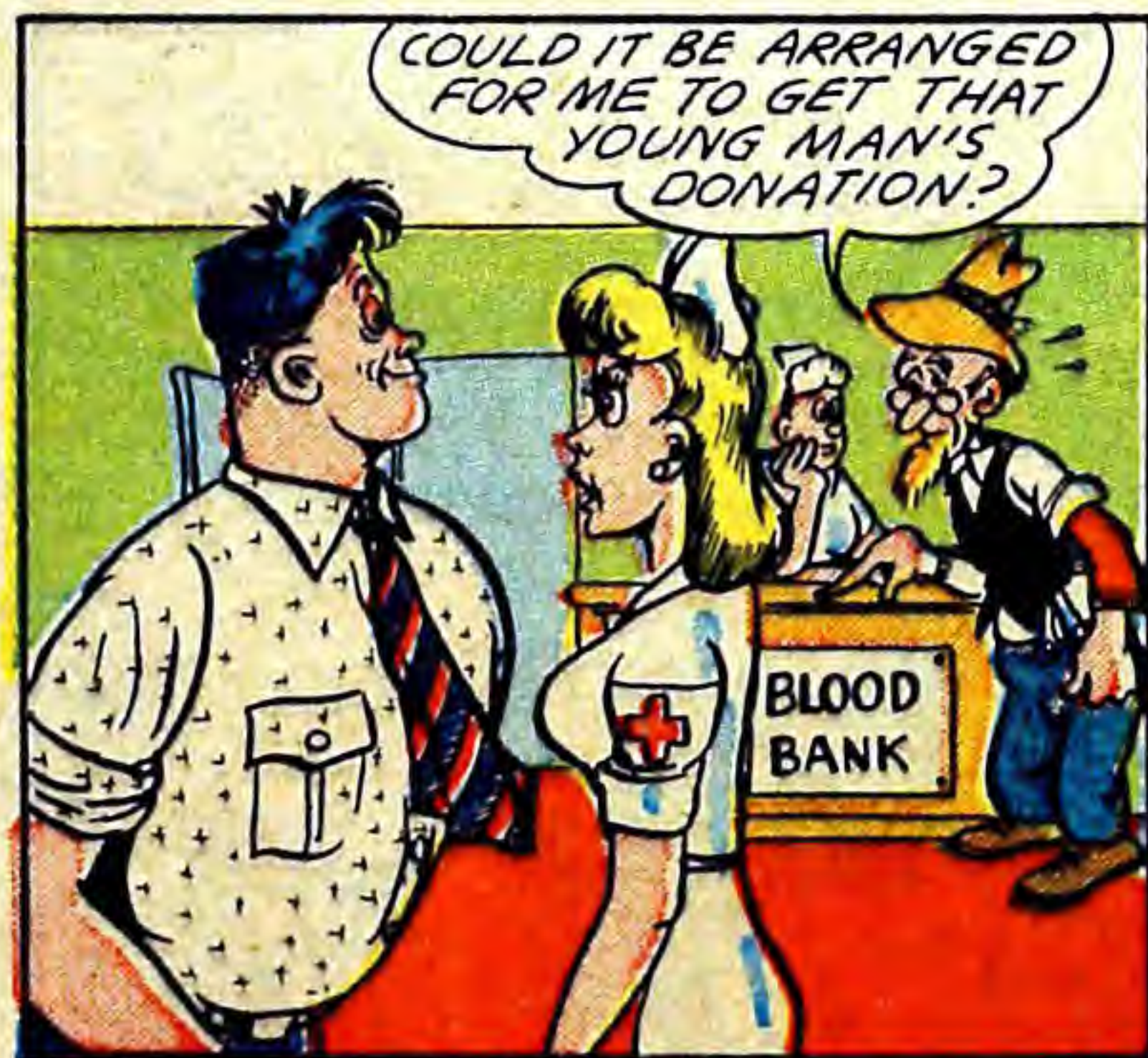
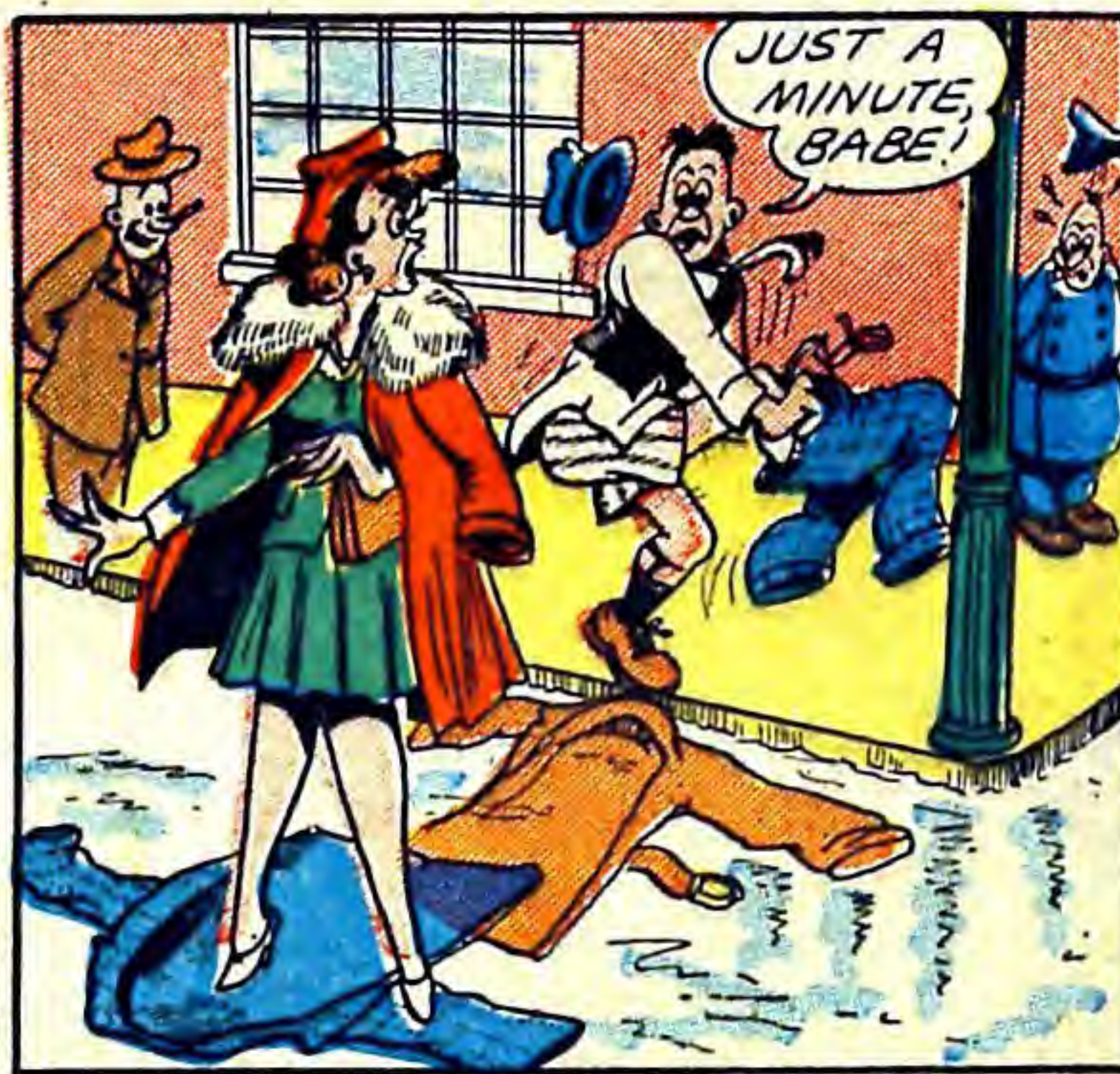
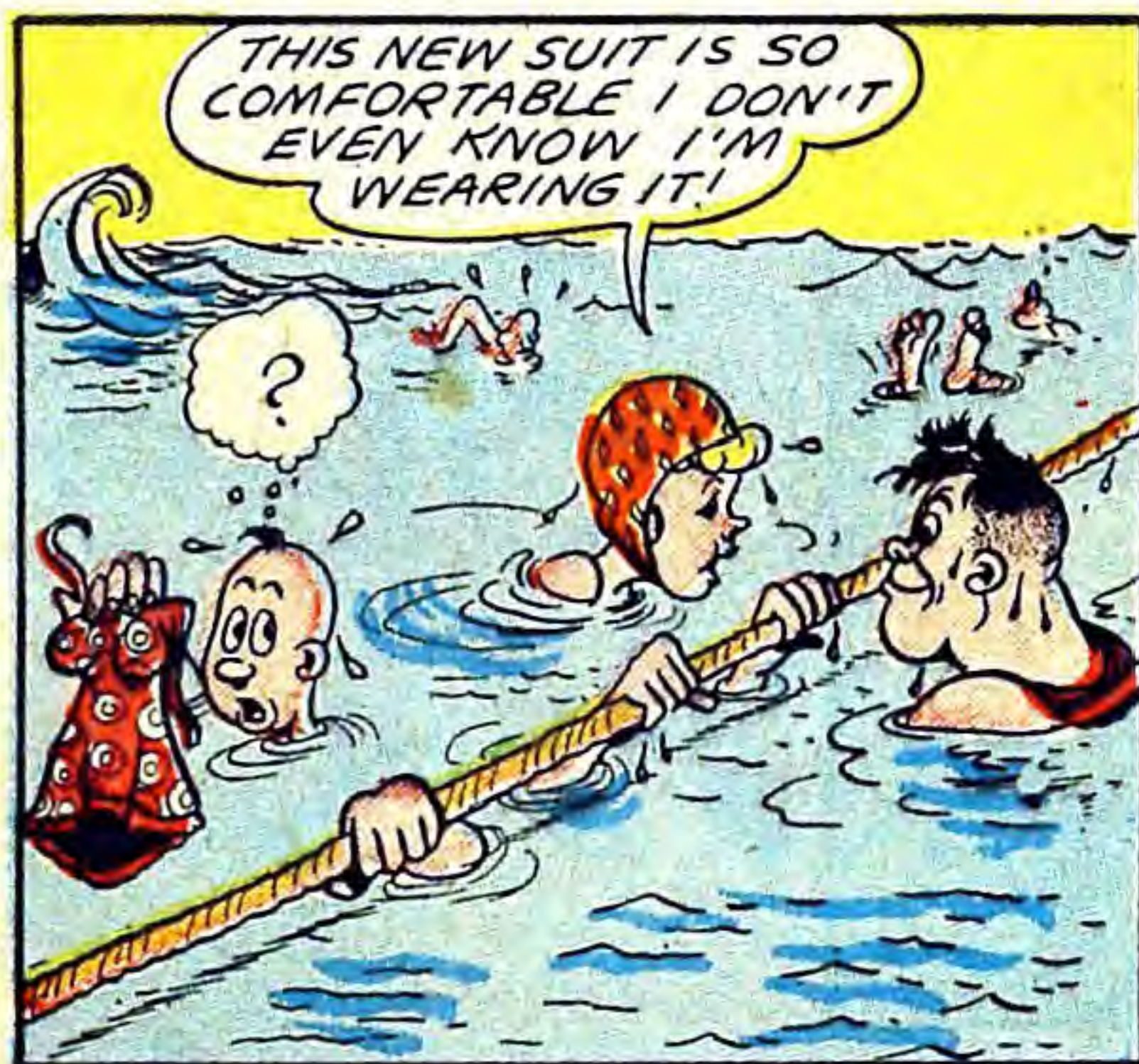








PUNCH & CUTEY





DEATH PLAYED A TRUMP CARD WITH FIFTY GRAND AT STAKE. SENSING A DOUBLECROSS, RAY CARDELL IN HIS MYSTERIOUS ROLE AS THE MASTER KEY, LAUGHED AT DANGER AND DOUBLE DARED A KILLER TO BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW!

THE LINEUP AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

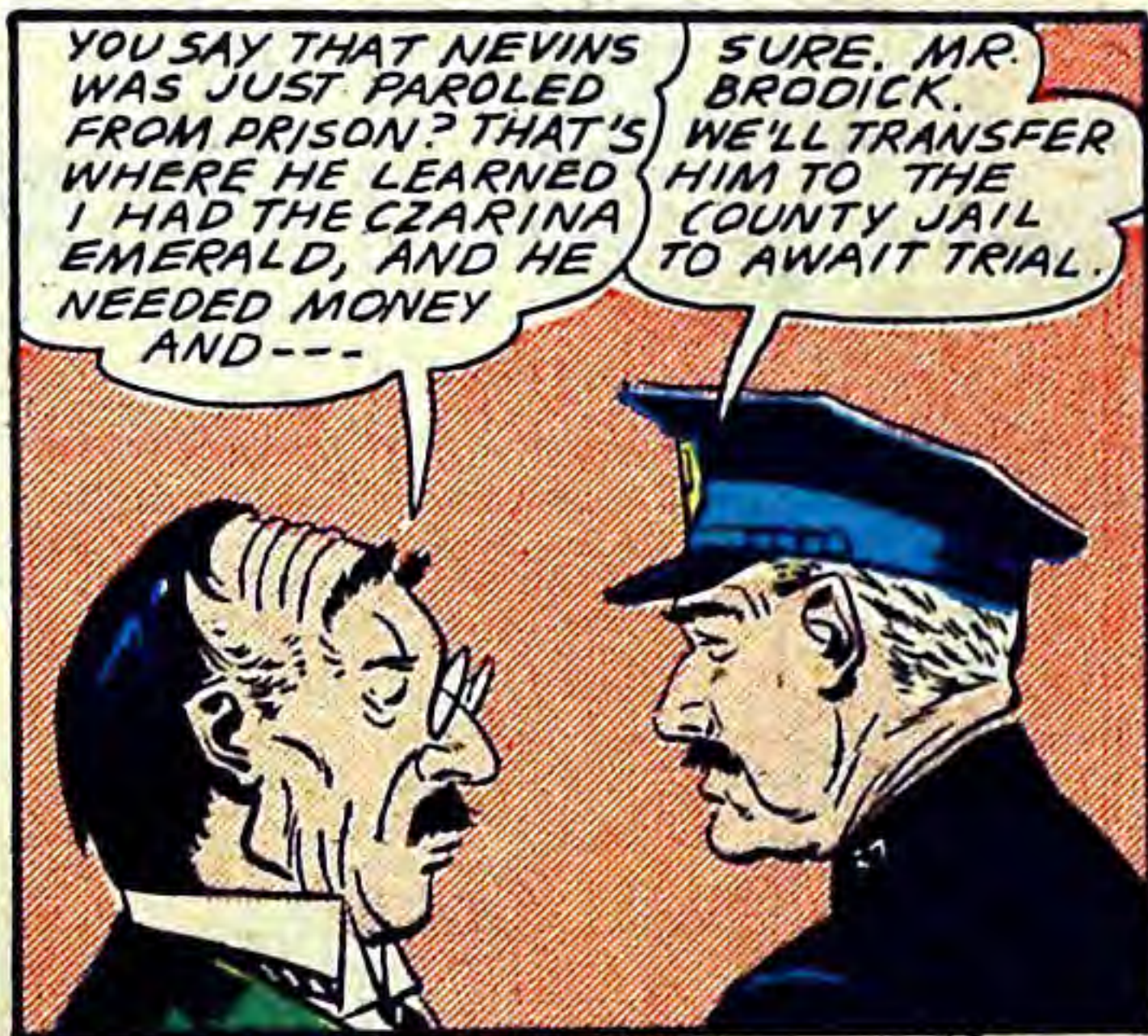
THAT'S THE MAN WHO CAME TO MY SHOP AND ROBBED ME LAST NIGHT!

IT'S A FRAME-UP! I DIDN'T DO IT!



YOU SAY THAT NEVINS WAS JUST PAROLED FROM PRISON? THAT'S WHERE HE LEARNED I HAD THE CZARINA EMERALD, AND HE NEEDED MONEY AND ---

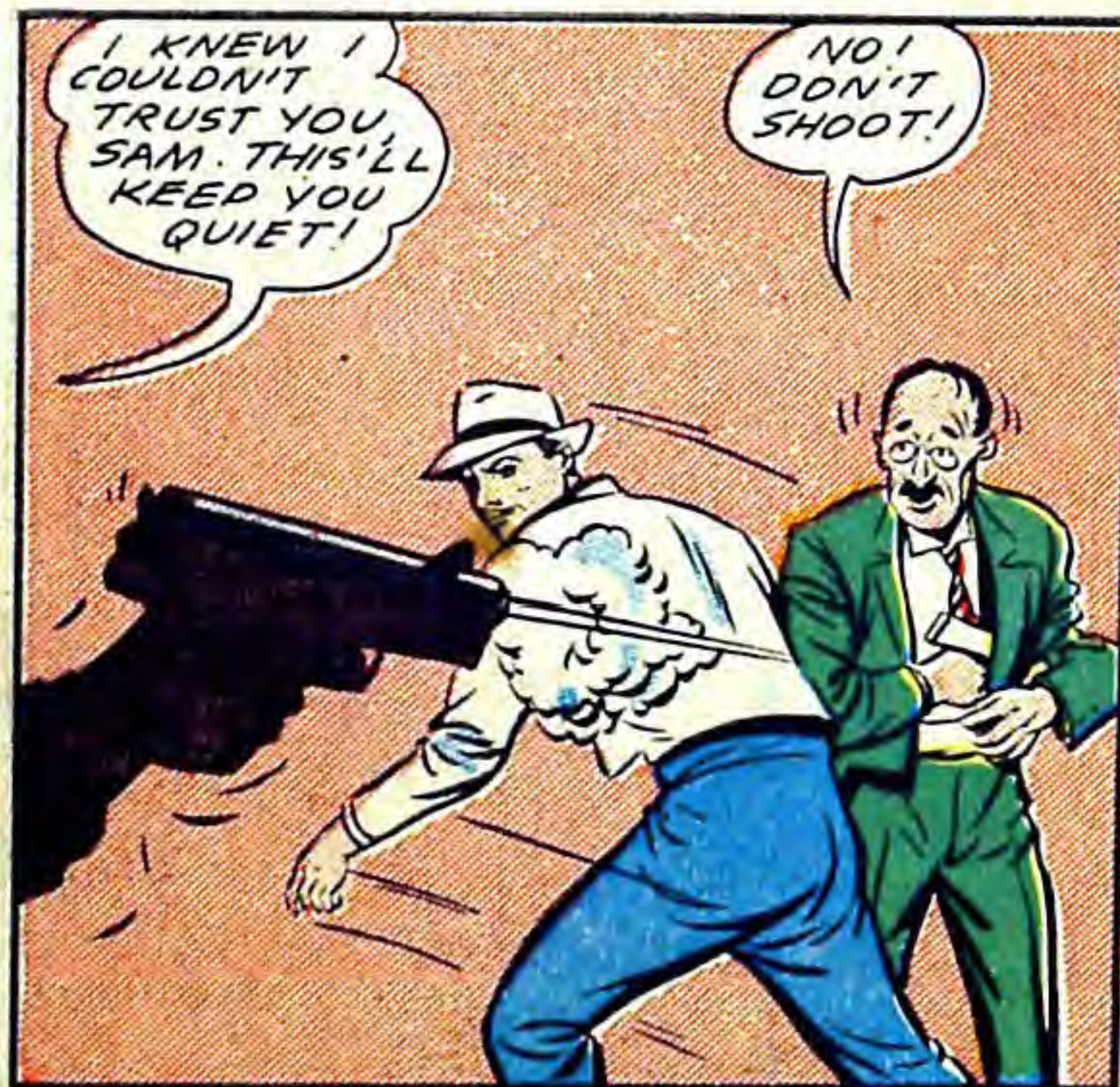
SURE, MR. BRODICK. WE'LL TRANSFER HIM TO THE COUNTY JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL.



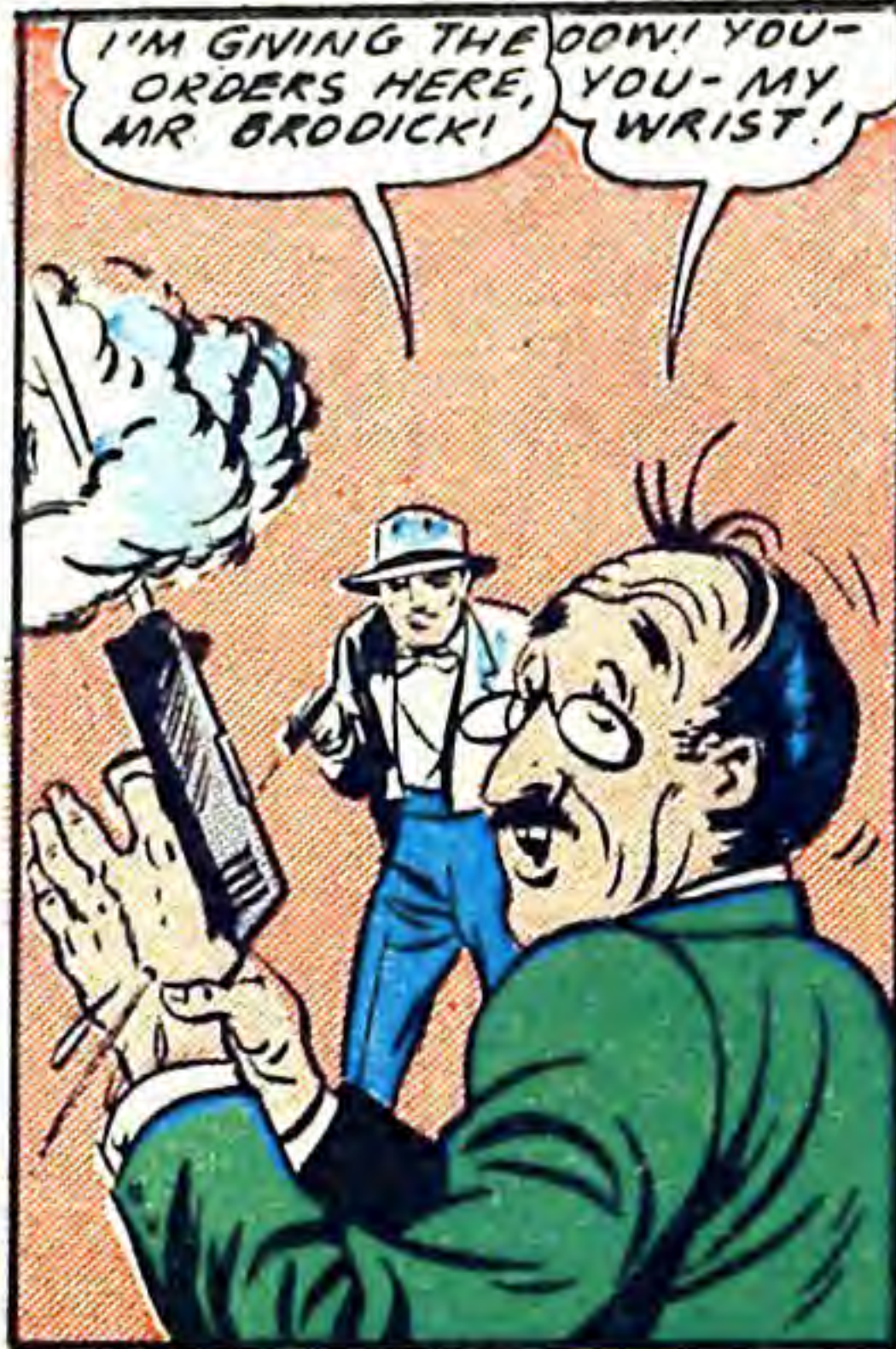
MASTER KEY



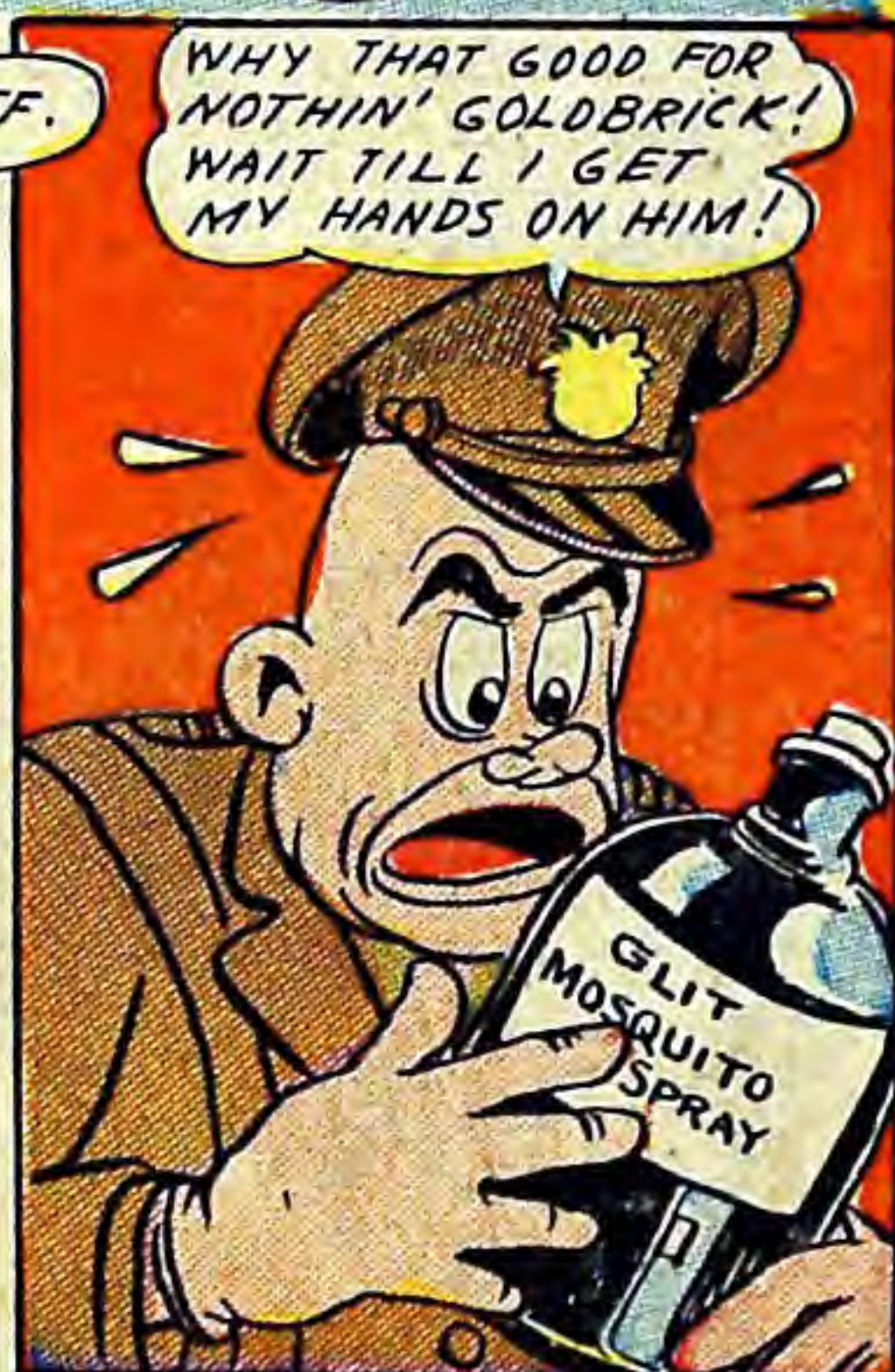
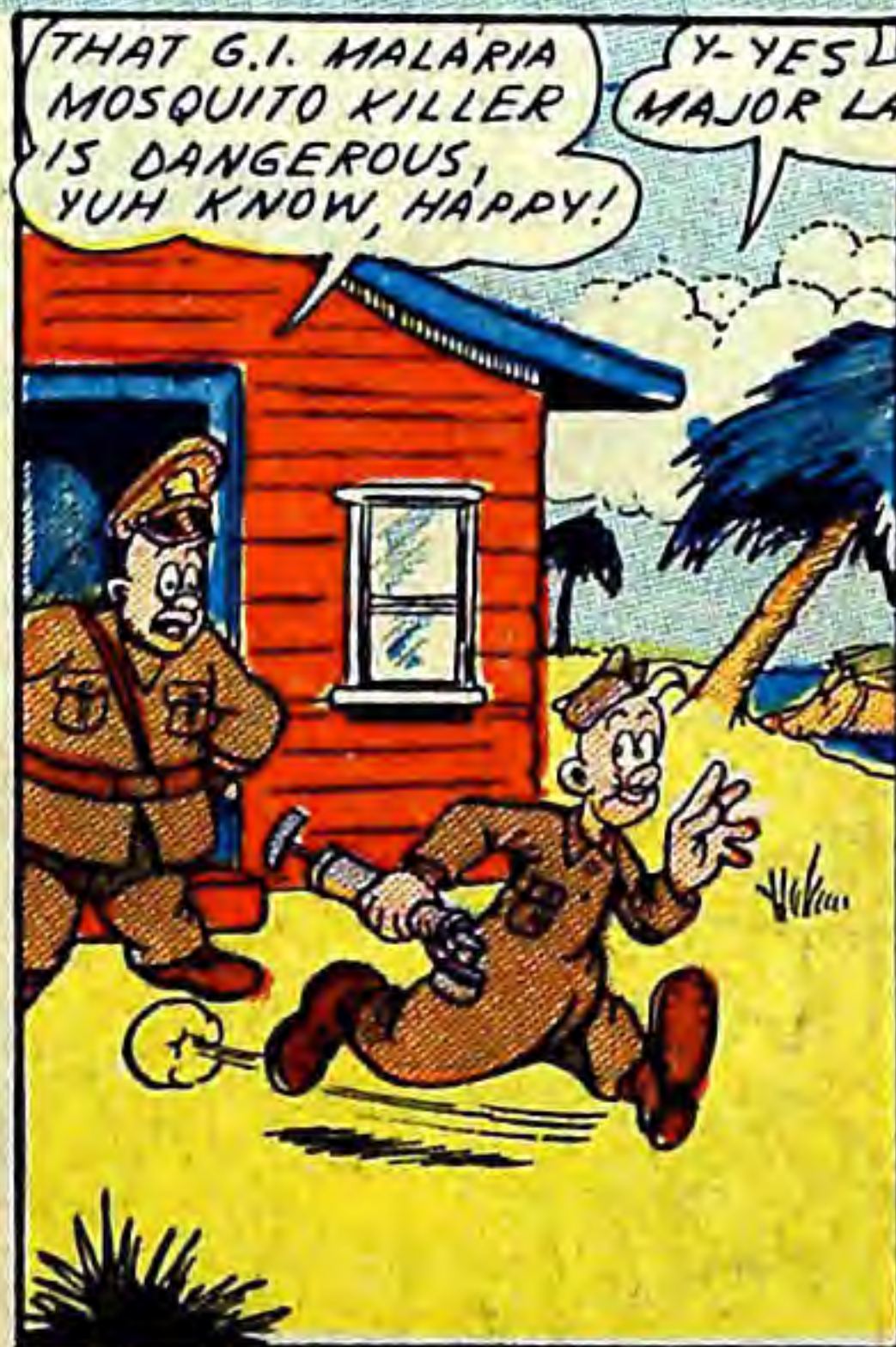
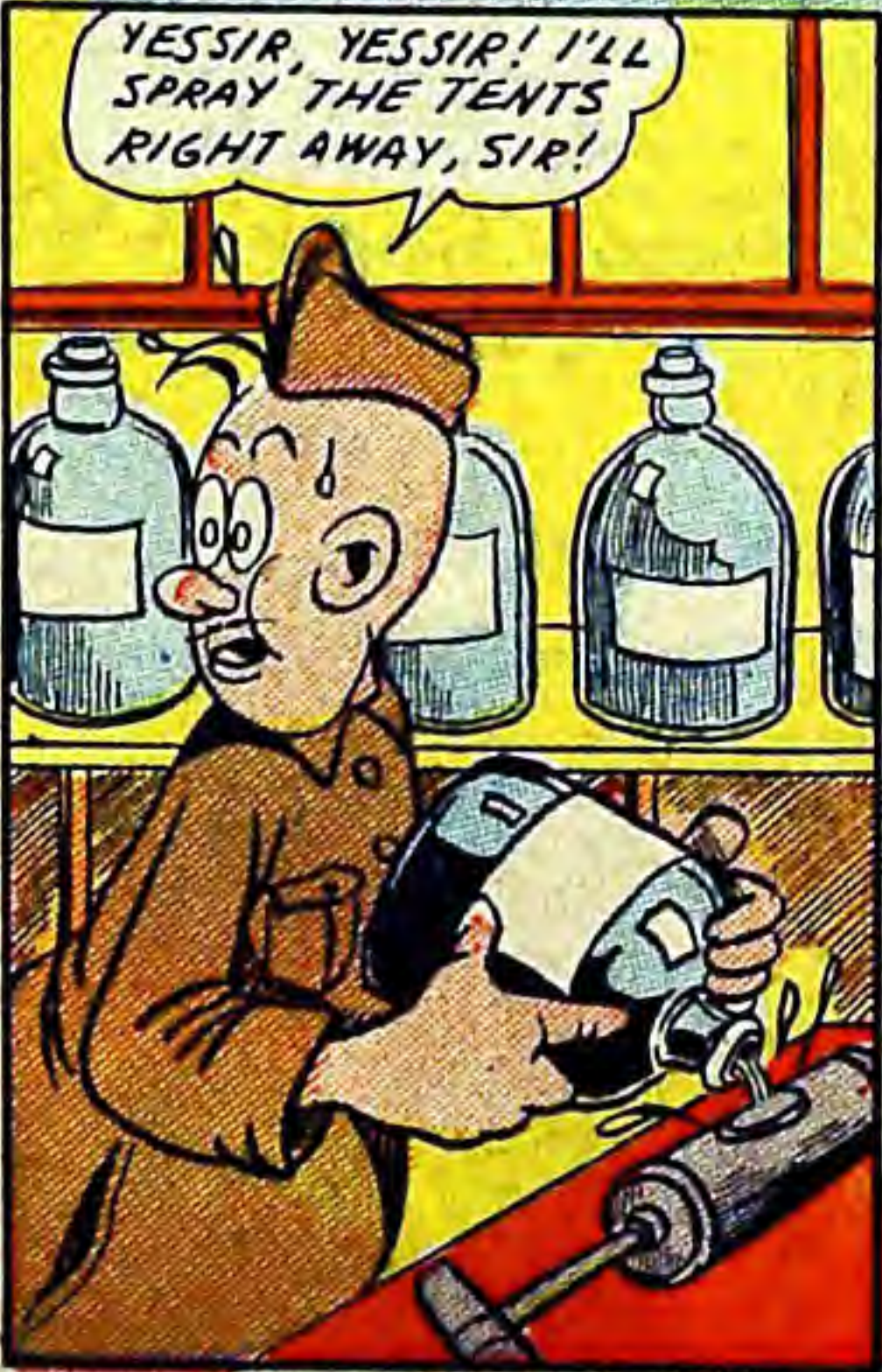






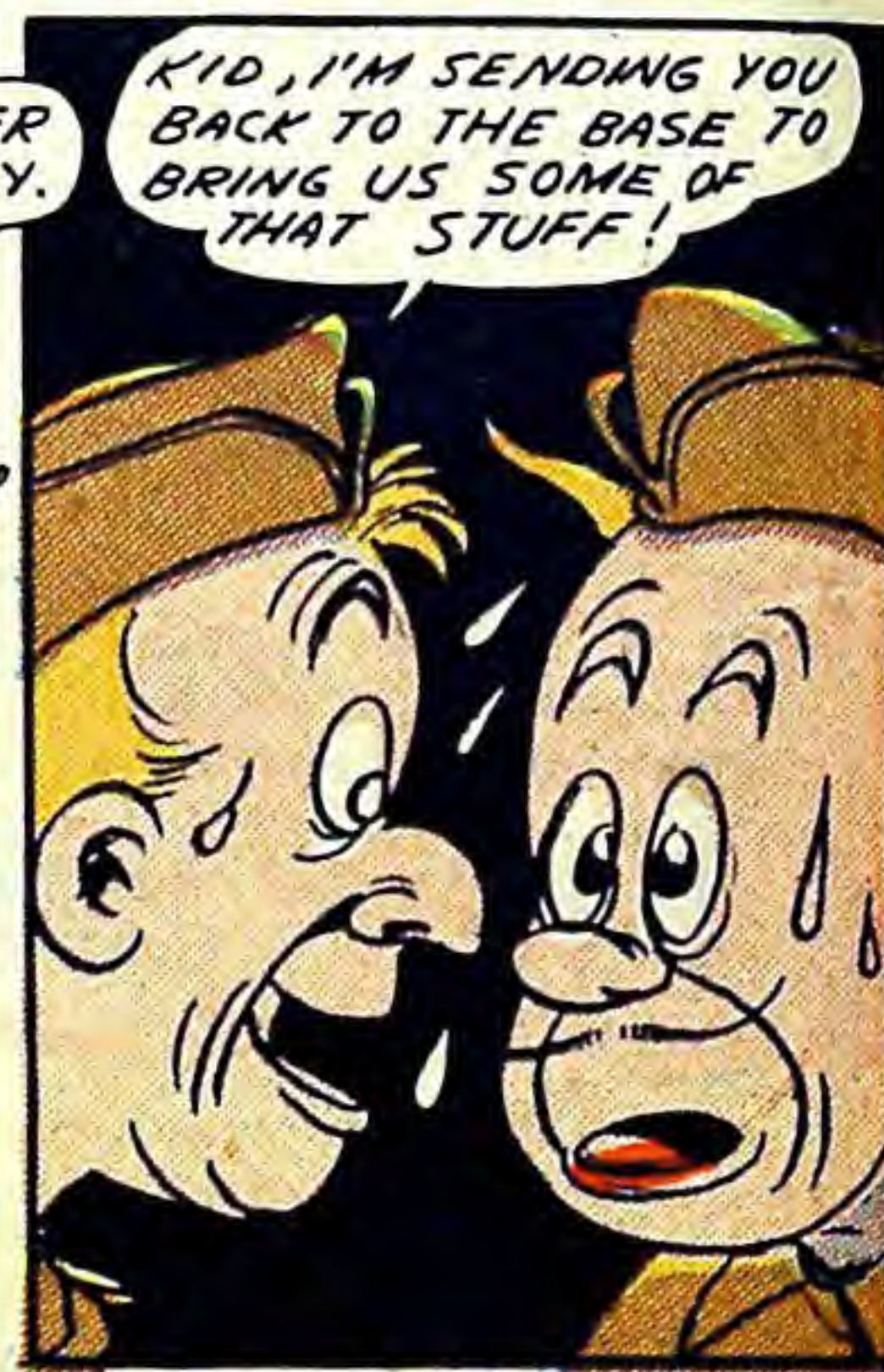
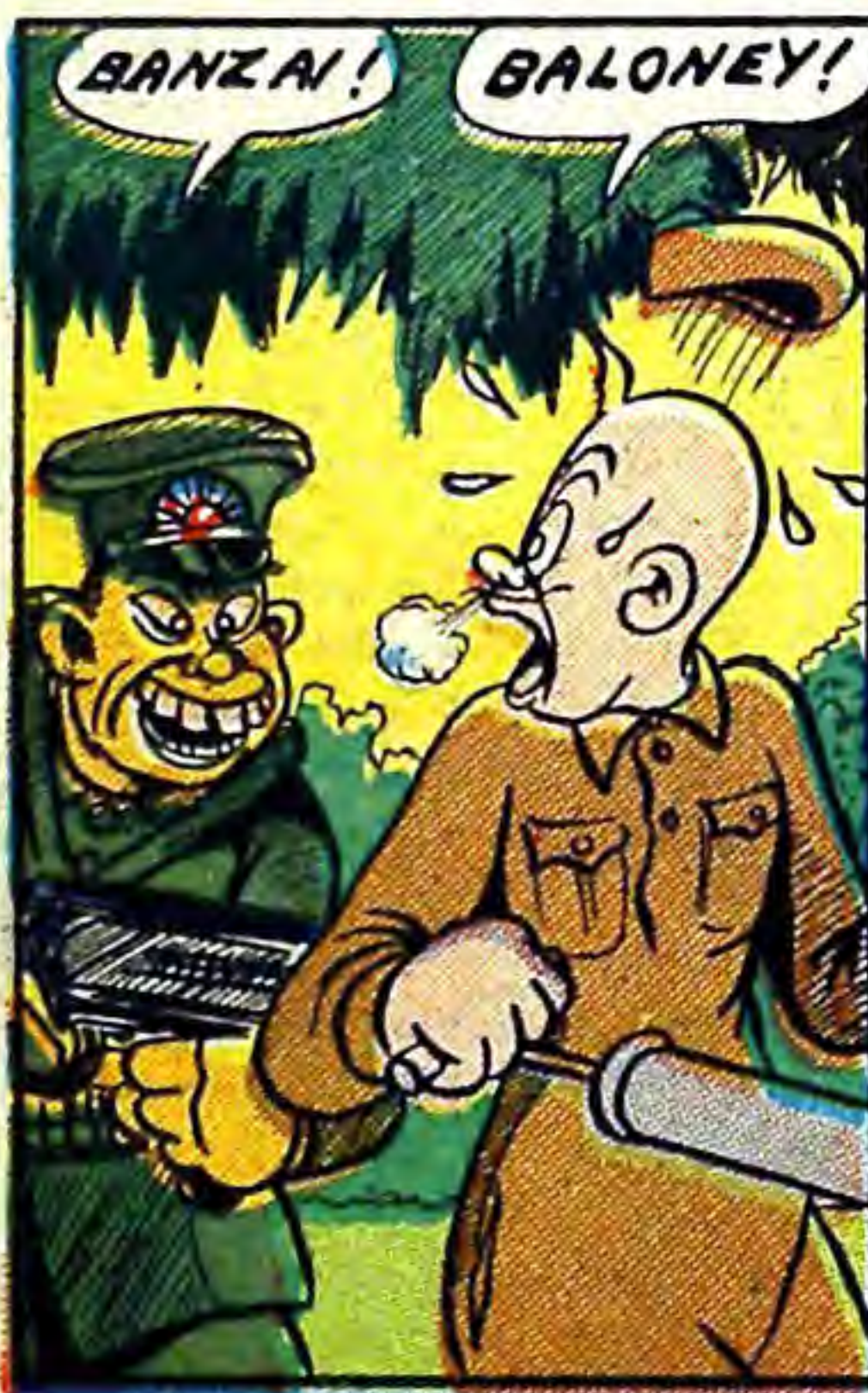


"HAPPY" LANDING

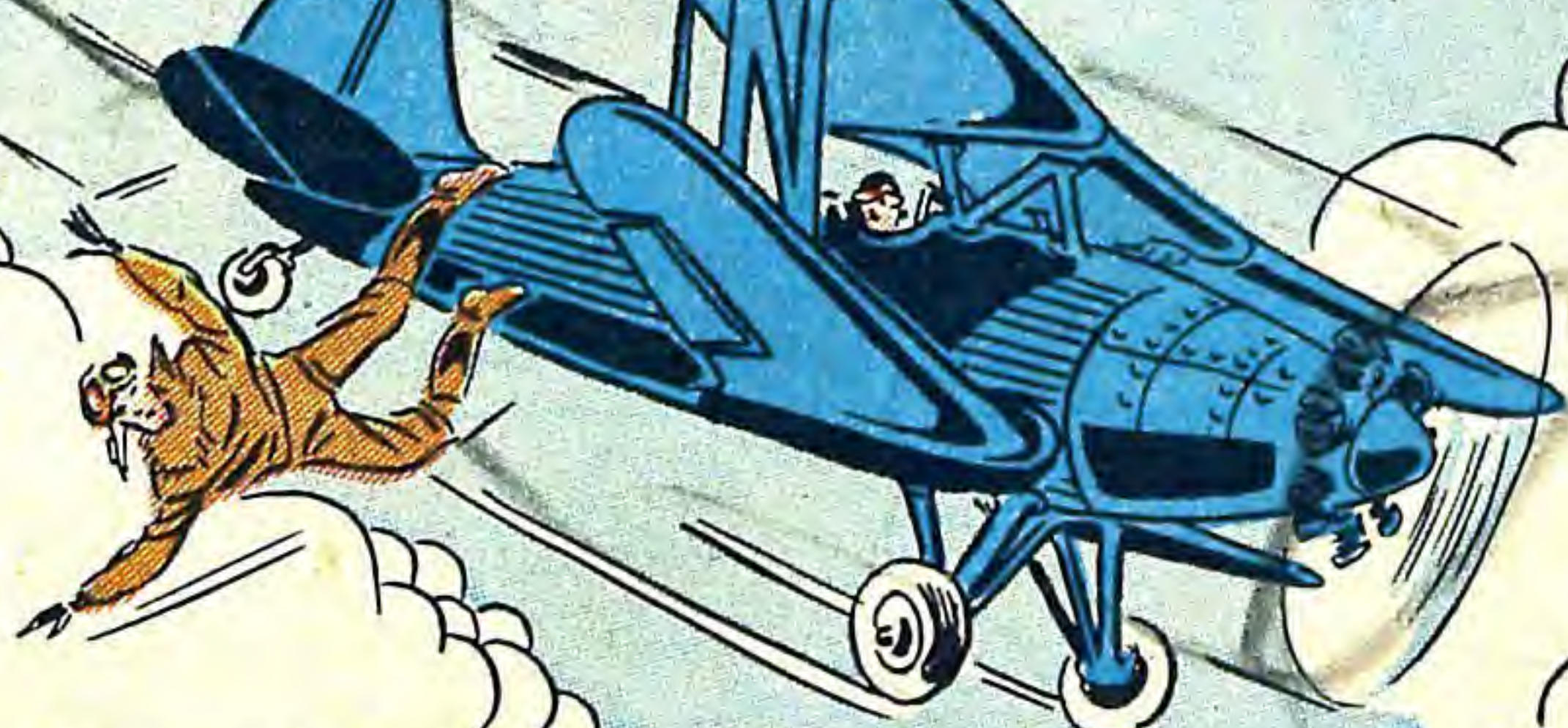








SACRIFICE



Reilly grinned as he watched Scoop standing in a bucket of water stark naked trying to scrub the grime and dust from his back.

"You sure don't believe in a man's privacy," Scoop said, as he struggled to reach a spot in the center of his back. "Going to ball me out for using too much water?" Reilly remained silent. Scoop looked at the British Lieutenant and continued, "I'd sure give a lot to be out of Syria, and in a man's country where I can get a good bath."

"Tut, tut," said Reilly, as he broke his silence. "Syria is all right for second rate reporters like you to hang around. But me, I'm leaving on a trip." He grinned, but Scoop saw the Britisher's hard boiled visage and his forced banter. Something was worrying Reilly. "Scoop," he continued, "I want you to deliver some letters for me, if I don't come back."

"Sure Reilly," nodded Scoop.

Reilly dropped several letters on the cot. "And Yank," he said, "If you ever get back to London, tell the old lady to take the kids to Cheapside, once more for me."

Scoop nodded again, and then questioned cautiously, "Going far?"

The hard boiled Reilly talked. He knew, that despite the extremes to which Scoop would go

for news, he could be trusted when a story was definitely "out," or might injure the British cause. "I'm being taken for a ride over the Italian lines. I'm to meet a man there and bring back some important papers. It's only a few hours work, but I've a feeling I might not come back."

"Going to wear the suit you have on?" asked Scoop.

"Yes," replied Reilly, "The plane's waiting for me. Well, so long." He hung his head sheepishly. "Say," he said, "tell the old lady I sent her and the kids a kiss."

Reilly turned to leave, but suddenly Scoop leaped forward and threw a terrific blow to his friend's jaw.

Reilly dropped like a ton of bricks.

Wasting no time, Scoop quickly stripped the uniform off the silent body and donned it. He lifted the unclad Reilly to the cot and bound him fast. A handkerchief served as a gag.

In no time, a man resembling Reilly marched from the tent toward a waiting plane. He kept his face turned from the few soldiers he passed and quickly climbed in the rear cockpit. The pilot waved his hand, the motors roared and the plane took off.

Several hours later, the pilot circled around a town. The motors were silent. A voice came in over Scoop's phone. "Here's the

place, Lieutenant. I'll be at the airport in just one hour. I'll swoop down, keep my motors running and it's up to you to grab on before I take off."

Scoop ventured one question in a muffled voice, "Do you remember the house I was to stop at?"

"House, hell, are you dreaming! You are to proceed north until you find a hay field. There's an old barn near there. That's where you meet the man. Password is 'Victory'." The pilot was puzzled, "What's the matter, your ears gone bad. I was with you when we got our instructions."

"Just checking," Scoop nodded. The plane took more altitude. "See you later," yelled Scoop, as he leaped from the plane.

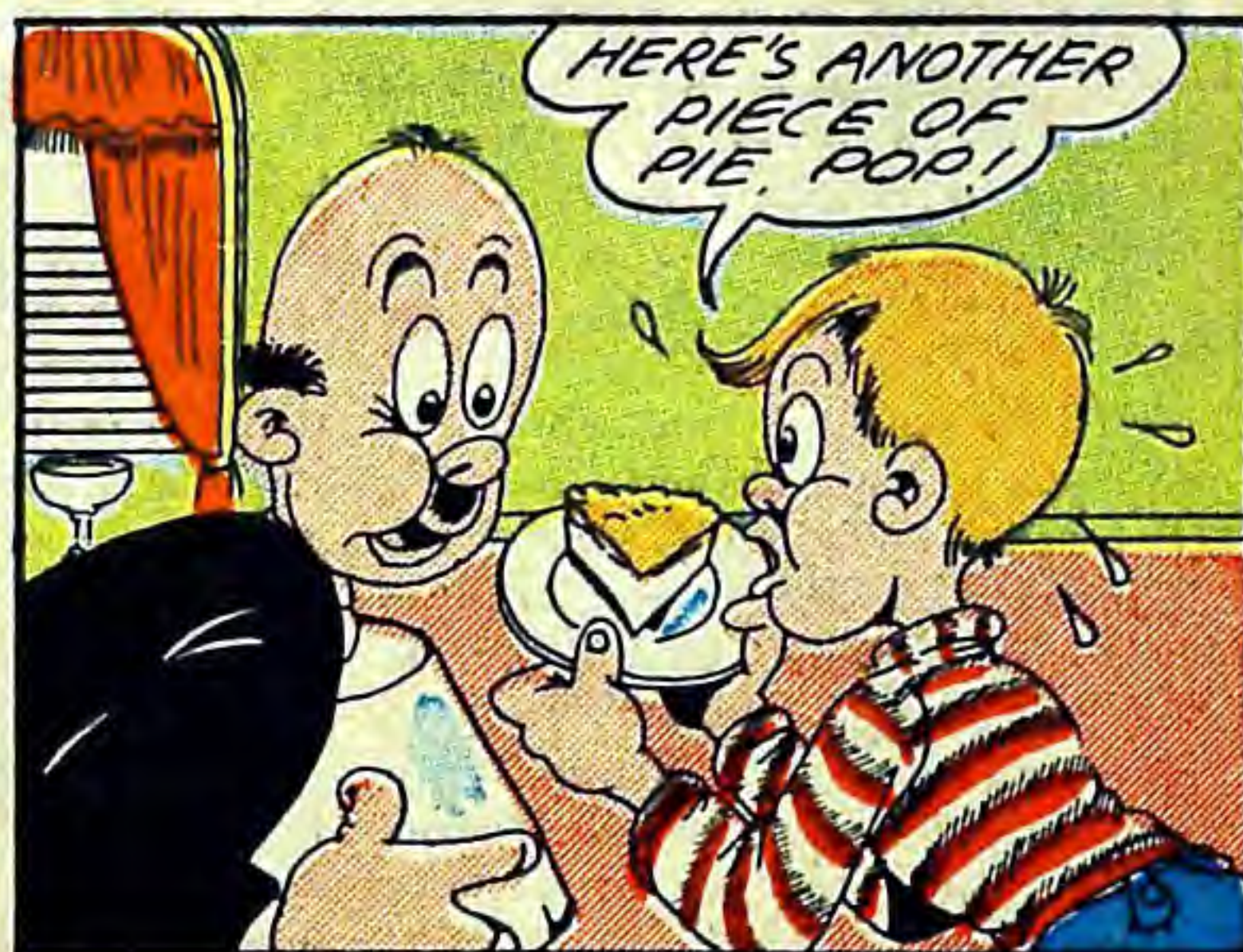
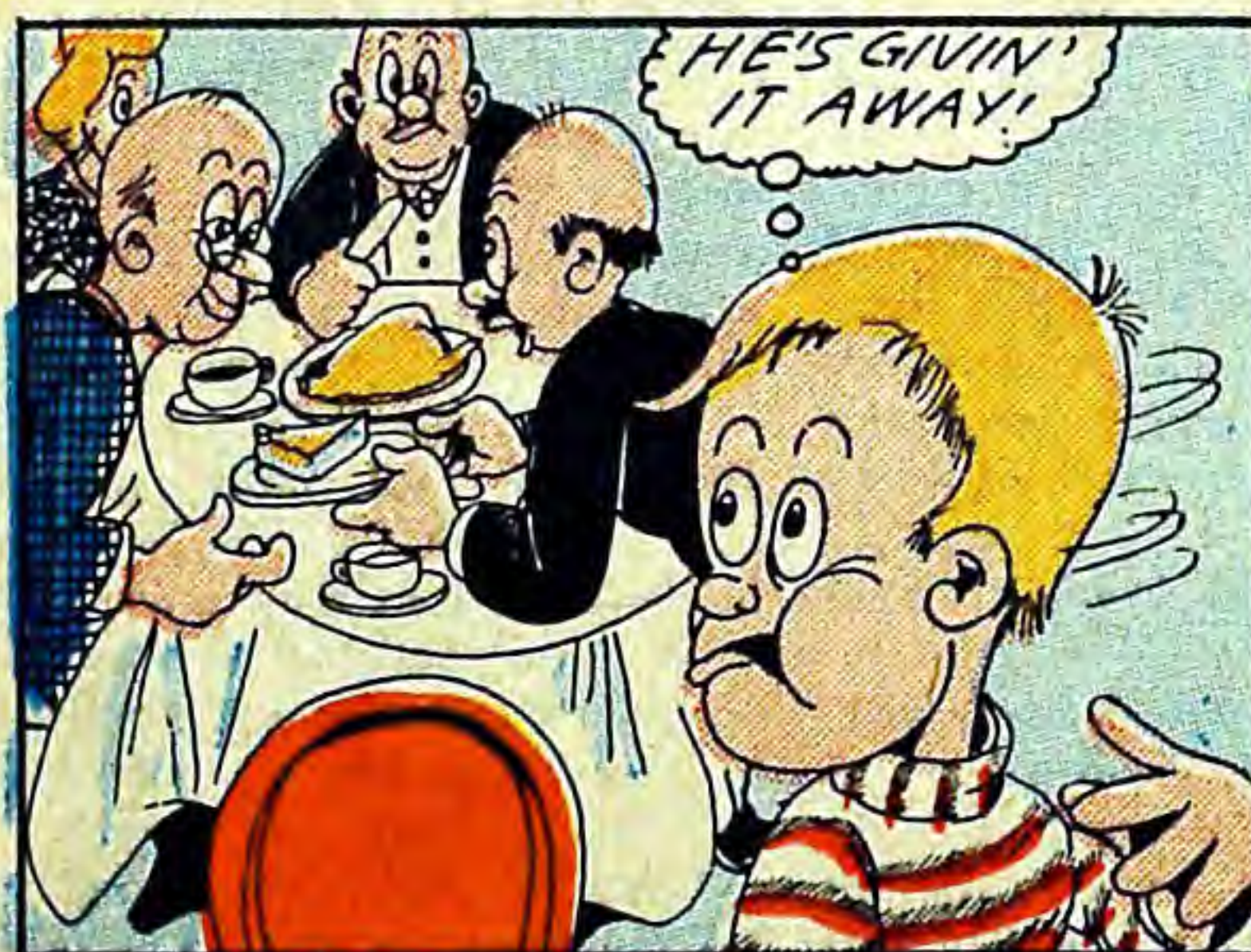
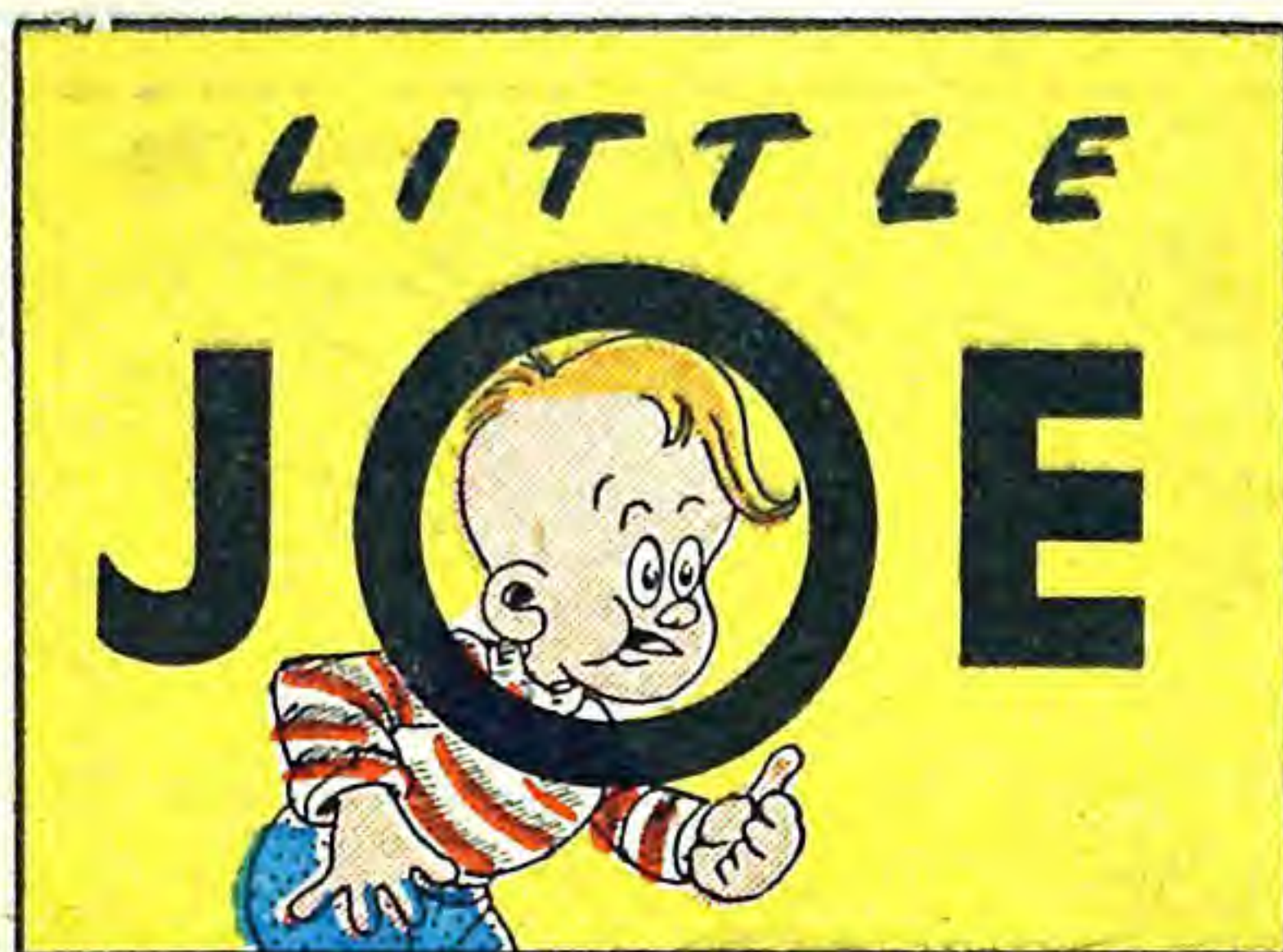
It was exactly four hours later when a bewildered and angry Reilly was untied and dumped from the cot by a grinning Scoop.

"You traitor," Reilly roared, "I'll be demoted for this. I'm going to skin you alive."

"Aw, shut up," grinned Scoop. "Here are the papers for you to deliver to the general, and I want to thank you."

"Thank me," gasped Reilly, "For what?"

"For giving me a chance to get a real bath. Yep, a real bath," nodded Scoop. "I soaked for a whole half hour in a pond while waiting for the pilot to come back for me."



Captain GLORY

↓
DEATH RIDES
AGAIN IN THE
SHAPE OF TWO
MOUNTED
SKELETONS.
THE CITIZENS OF
MINESVILLE ARE
TERRIFIED AS
THEIR LEADERS
ARE STRICKEN
AND THEIR
MEANS OF LIVING
DESTROYED.
BUT NOT FOR
LONG, AS
CAPTAIN GLORY
PLUNGES INTO
MORTAL COMBAT
WITH THE
DEADLY
INTRUDERS.



IN THE TOWN OF MANSVILLE, PATRIOTIC CITIZENS WORK TO SUPPLY THE VITAL RED METAL.

GOODNIGHT, GENTLEMEN. I'LL HAVE THE FULL REPORT FOR YOU IN THE MORNING.

THE METHOD OUTLINED BY YOU, FOR INCREASING PRODUCTION OF OUR MINES, SOUNDS PRACTICAL. GOODNIGHT.



SUDDENLY, A THUNDEROUS ROAR OF HOOFBEATS BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

I'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT TO HAVE THE PLANS READY BY TO-MORROW. HMMM... LOOKS LIKE THOSE HORSEMEN ARE IN A HURRY.



SWIFTLY, THE STRANGE RIDERS OF DEATH STRIKE.

DEATH!

AGGGHH!



SECONDS LATER... THE MAD CHARGE LEAVES A DYING, BROKEN VICTIM.

OWWWW!

HELEN KING
Notary Pub!



A LOYAL LABOR LEADER PAT MALONE SPEAKS TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS.

WE ARE GOING TO KEEP UP PRODUCTION OF THIS MINE. ANY LABOR DISPUTES WILL BE SETTLED BY ARBITRATION. NO WALK OUTS!



LATER, THAT NIGHT...

I HOPE THE MOVIE'S GOOD, PAT.

I'M SURE IT WILL BE, MAGGIE.



THOSE HORSES ARE COMING LIKE MAD!

THEY MUST WANT TO GET SOMEWHERE QUICK.



LIKE WILD ANIMALS, THE STRANGE HORSEMEN STRIKE AGAIN.



MAGGIE!
MAGGIE!
OHHHH...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A CURT MESSAGE REACHES THE OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

EASTERN UNION TELEGRAM

9-30-41

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SKELETON HORSEMEN KILL AND INTIMIDATE WORKERS AND EXECUTIVES STOP PRODUCTION CURTAILED.

MARSHALL DENNIS PRESIDENT

J.L.D.

IT'S A JOB FOR CAPTAIN GLORY, ALRIGHT.

AND YOU'LL FIND I'M READY, SIR.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, CAPTAIN GLORY, I'M JIM ALBERT, THE UNION DELEGATE. THE MINERS ARE GETTING JITTERY.

I'M THOMAS, PRODUCTION MANAGER. GLAD TO HAVE YOU AROUND.

WITH SUPREME CONFIDENCE, THE FEARLESS G-MAN PLEDGES HIMSELF.

IT'S ALL STRANGE AND FANTASTIC BUT I'LL BREAK THE CASE OR BE BROKEN MYSELF.

LATER, CAPTAIN GLORY TAKES UP HIS POSITION TO GUARD THE STREET.

WHEN THOSE HORSEMEN APPEAR, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR THEM!

LOOKS LIKE THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER FOR....

IT'S JUST BEGINNING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN GLORY.

AND YOU TOO, SUCKER!

UGH!

YOU'LL NEED AN IRON CONSTITUTION FOR THIS ONE!

WE'VE GOT HIM!

WANT TO MAKE A BET ON IT?





HAPPY LANDING!

HURRY UP AND LOWER HIM BEFORE THAT STUFF GOES OFF.



IT'S JUST SECONDS BEFORE IT'LL BE TOO LATE.



HANGING BY HIS FEET, THE G-MAN FREES HIS HANDS.



NOW I'LL CLIMB UP AND GIVE THEM A SURPRISE!



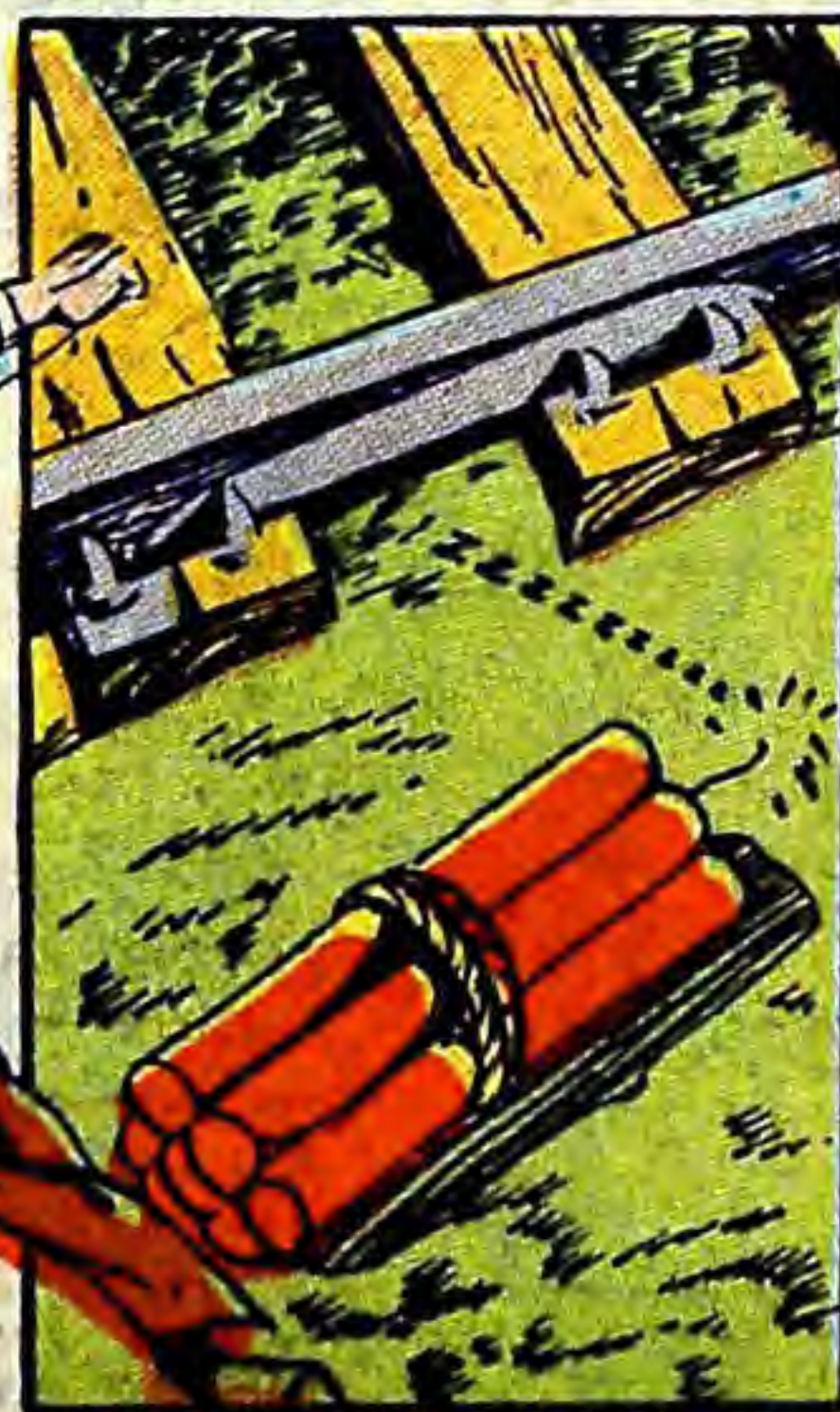
NICE ELEVATOR RIDE YOU GAVE ME, RATS.



LOOK, HE'S BACK! DID I HOLD THAT STUFF TOO LONG! AM I DEAD?



ISN'T IT GRAND TO BE ALIVE!



LOOK, THE DYNAMITE'S GOING OFF!

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND, IT WON'T!

DEFYING DEATH, CAPTAIN GLORY
HURLS HIMSELF AT THE DYNAMITE.



IF THAT GOES
OFF, THE MINE
IS RUINED!



ONE MORE
SECOND AND
BLOOEY!



WHEW, I GOT
RID OF THAT JUST
IN TIME TO SAVE
THE MINE!



I'VE GOT TO BRING
THEM TO JUSTICE.
THIS FAILURE WILL
ONLY SPUR THEM ON!



LATER, AS THE ALERT G-MAN
CONTINUES HIS INVESTIGATION.

MR. THOMAS
THERE WAS A
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
OVER AT THE MINE.
I INVESTIGATED AND
MADE A REMARKABLE
DISCOVERY.

DID YOU SEE ANY-
THING OF THAT
G-MAN?



NO! I'M GOING
OVER TO THE
OFFICE! SEE
YOU LATER!



IT'S THE HORSE-
MEN OF DEATH!
HELP! HELP!

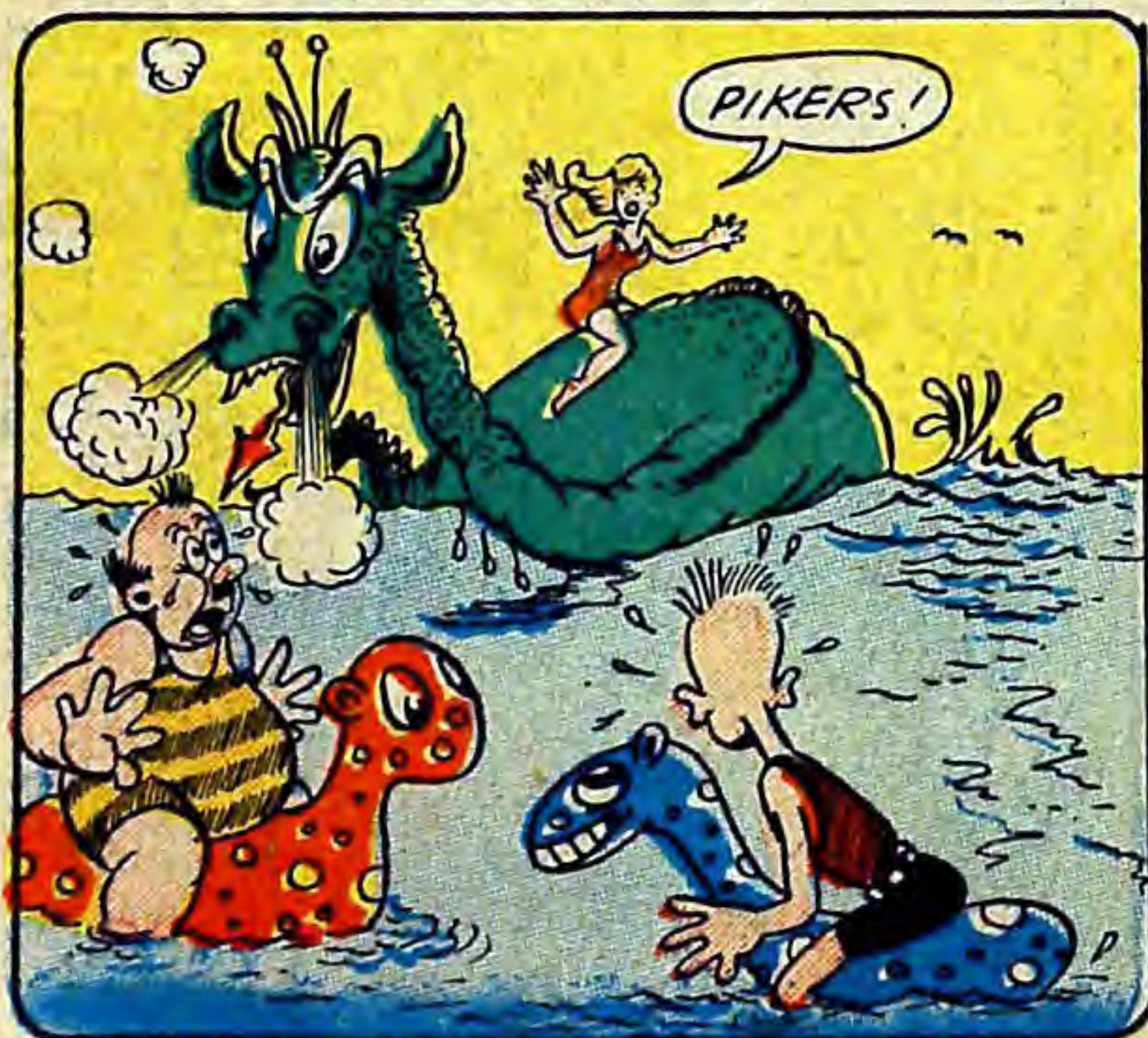
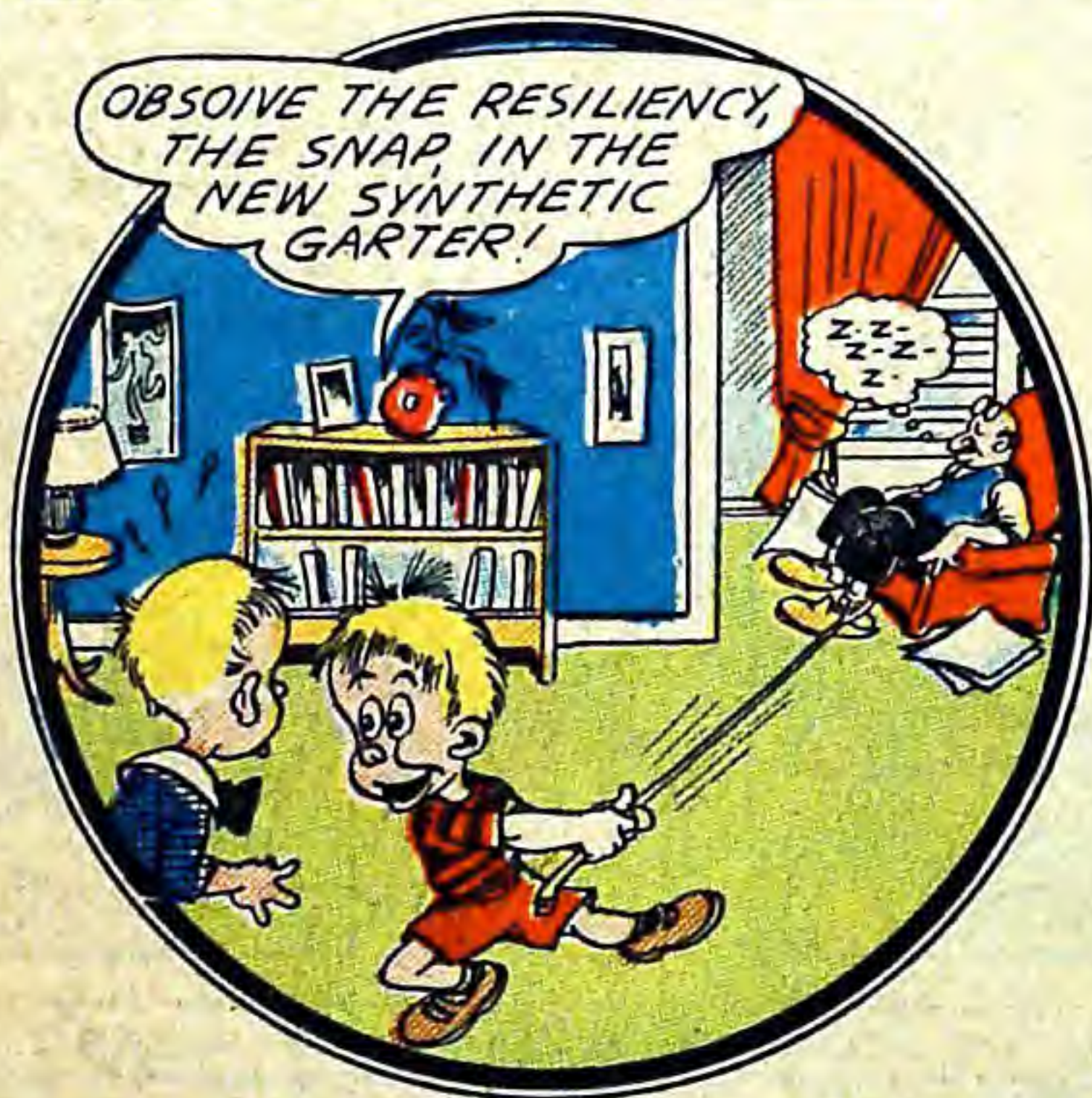
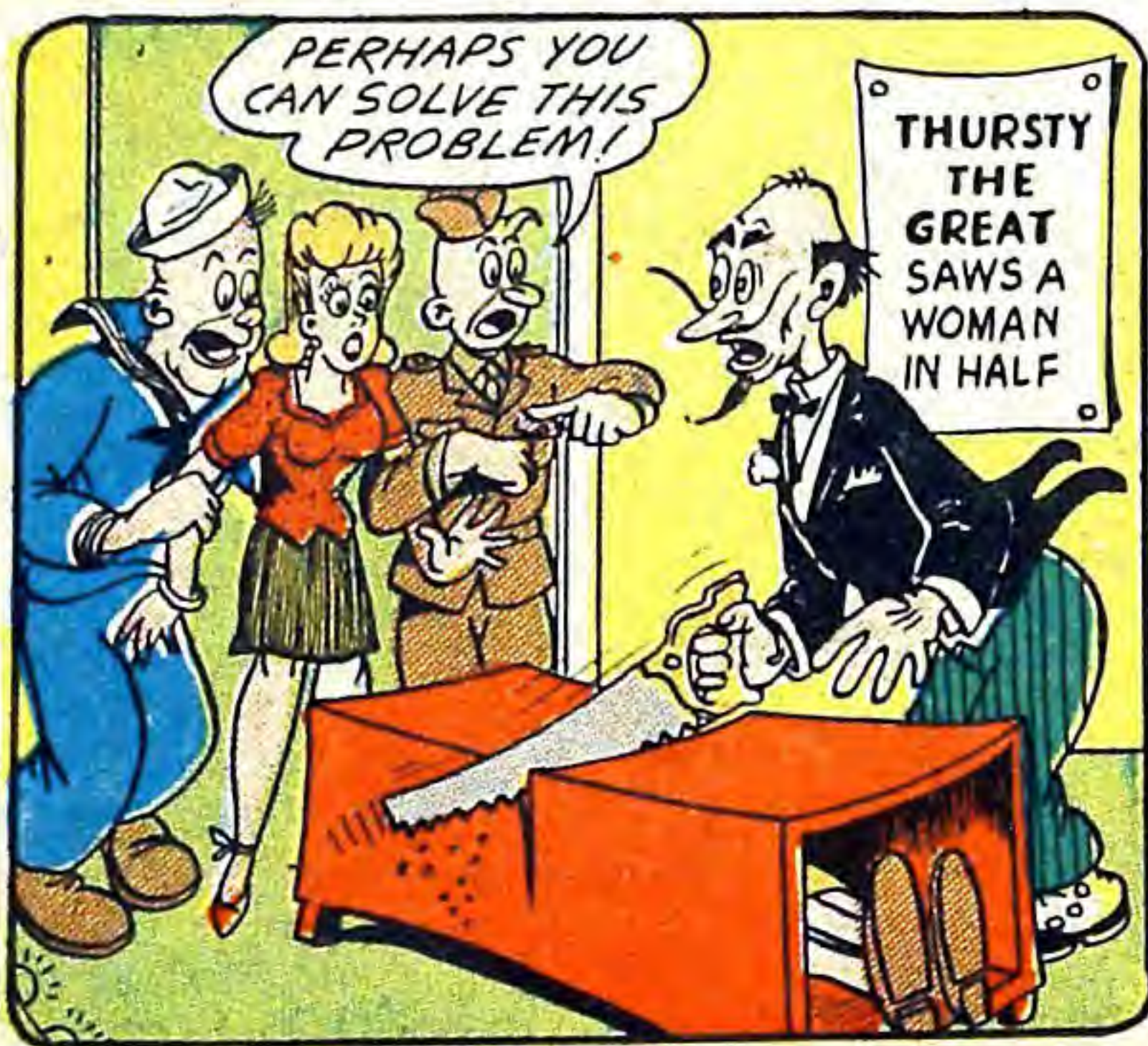
INSTANTLY, CAPTAIN GLORY
LEAPS TO THE RESCUE.



AGAIN WE MEET,
FOR THE LAST TIME,
I THINK.



DAFFY DILLS



THE ADVENTURES OF HALE THE MAGICIAN CARRY HIM INTO THE FAR FLUNG EAST WHERE HE CLASHES IN BATTLE WITH THE ROBBER PRINCE, KAWAR, WHO HOLDS A KINGDOM IN SLAVERY THROUGH SORCERY AND BLACK MAGIC.

HALE!

...THE MAGICIAN



SOLD FOR A HUNDRED RUPEES!

LOOK, HALE, A GIRL SOLD INTO SLAVERY. ISN'T IT DREADFUL?

YOUR NAME EMBODIES ONE WITH HOPE. YOU ARE HALE, THE MAGICIAN?

WHY YES!

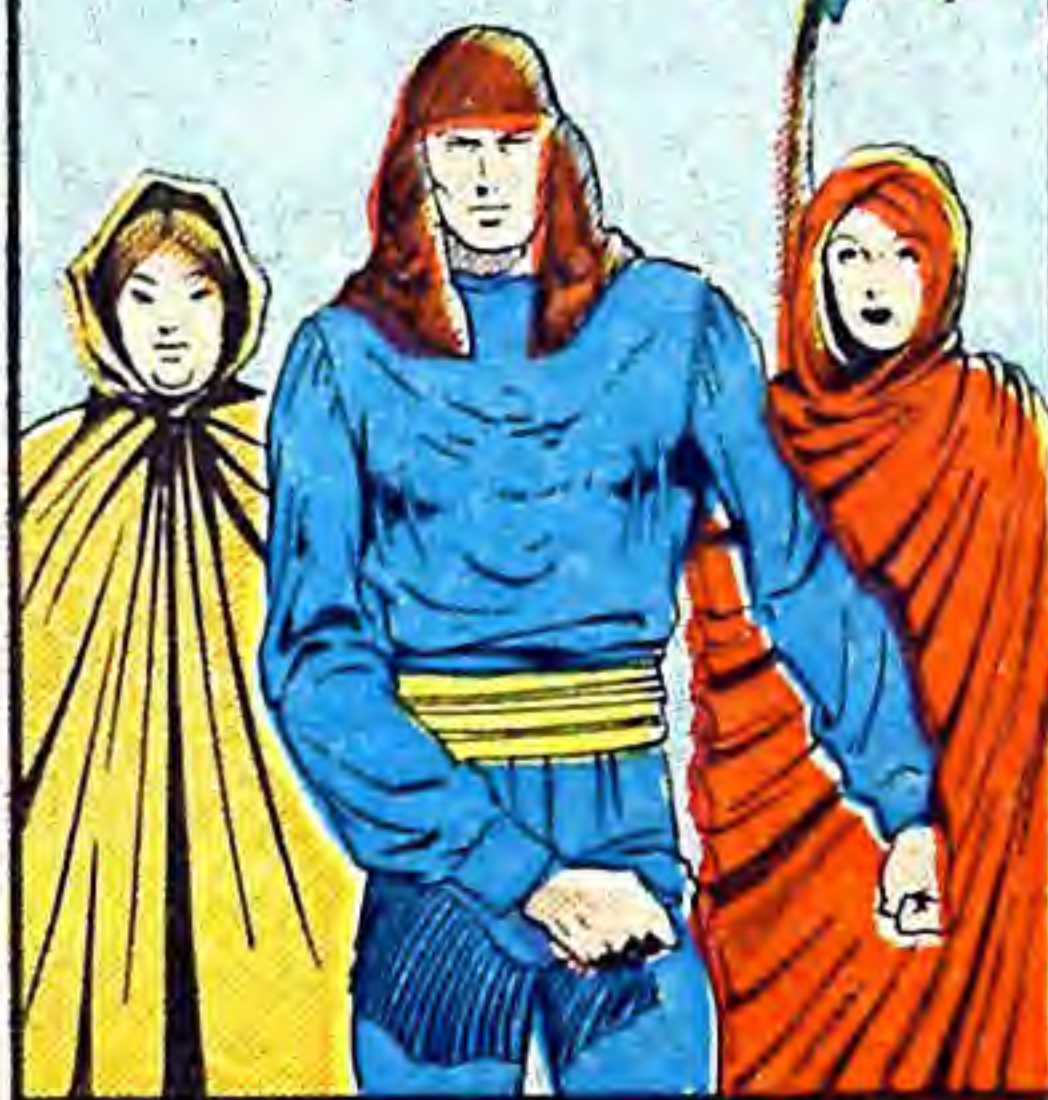
THEN YOU MUST HELP ME. I AM THE SERVANT OF THAT GIRL SOLD INTO SLAVERY. THE PRINCESS TABITHA, RIGHTFUL RULER OF SAMAR.

QUICK, TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.

A COUSIN OF THE PRINCESS, PRINCE KAWAR, THRU **BLACK MAGIC** TURNED THE LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF THE PRINCESS INTO LIVING DEAD, AND THEN SOLD HER INTO SLAVERY.



WE MUST WORK FAST. COME, WE'LL RESCUE THE PRINCESS, **FIRST!**



LOOK, HALE, THERE'S THE PRINCESS!

WE MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET TOO FAR.



THE MERCHANTS LEAD THE PRINCESS, UNAWARE THAT HALE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE.

I THINK WE GOT THE GIRL AT A BARGAIN.

YES, SHE IS INDEED BEAUTIFUL. THE RAJAH WILL BUY HER AT A HIGH PRICE.



MAGIC SPEAR HEAD, WORK THY CHARM!



RUN, GOOD MERCHANT... A JUNGLE BEAST IS BEHIND YOU!

WHAT ARE THESE FOOLISH PEDDLERS RUNNING FOR?

THE MYSTIC SPEARHEAD TRANSFORMS THE PRINCESS INTO A SNARLING TIGER.

I DON'T... YAAAAAA!



WE WERE ROBBED. THE TIGER HAS SWALLOWED OUR SLAVE.



TURN THE TIGER BACK INTO THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

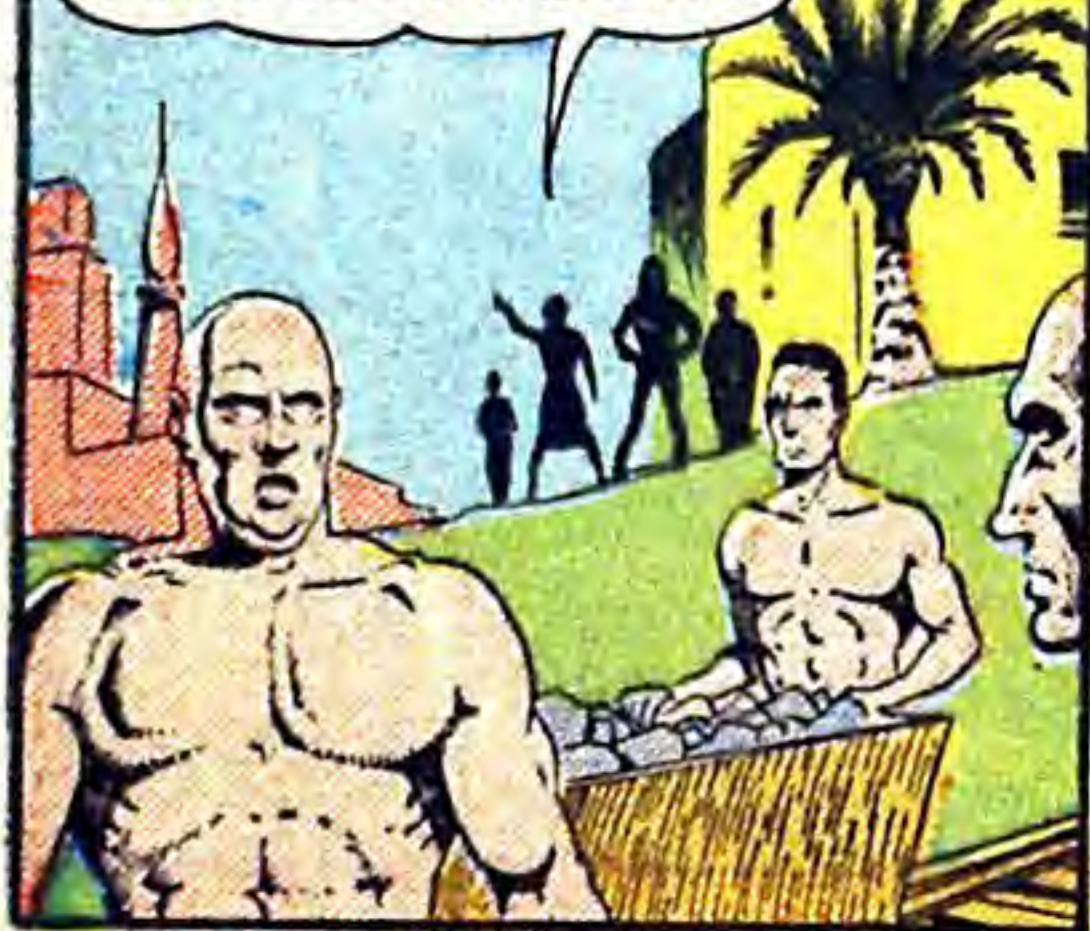
WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE CHAINS ARE ON THE FLOOR. I'M FREE!





SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HALE AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE IN SAMAR.

SEE HALE, THERE ARE MY PEOPLE! THEIR MINDS ARE ASLEEP. THEY ARE ALL SLAVES TO THE KNAVE KAWAR. LOOK AT THAT ONE, ONCE MY MOST FAITHFUL LIEUTENANT.



OTHER EYES ARE ALSO ALERT...

IT'S THE PRINCESS! SLAVES TO ARMS! KILL THE PRINCESS!



THE SPEARHEAD CANNOT OVERCOME THE BLACK MAGIC. THEN SPEAR-HEAD MAKE US DISAPPEAR!

WE KILL!



THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! THE WORK OF THE MAGICIAN! I'D BETTER TELL PRINCE KAWAR.



INVISIBLE, HALE AND HIS FRIENDS WATCH THE GUARD REPORT TO THE CRAFTY KAWAR.

PRINCE KAWAR! THE PRINCESS HAS RETURNED WITH A GREAT MAGICIAN. THEY MAY EVEN BE IN THIS ROOM.

WHAT! I'LL SEE IF THEY ARE!



BLACK MAGIC, POWER OVER ALL MAGIC, MAKE ALL INVISIBLE CREATURES IN THIS ROOM APPEAR.



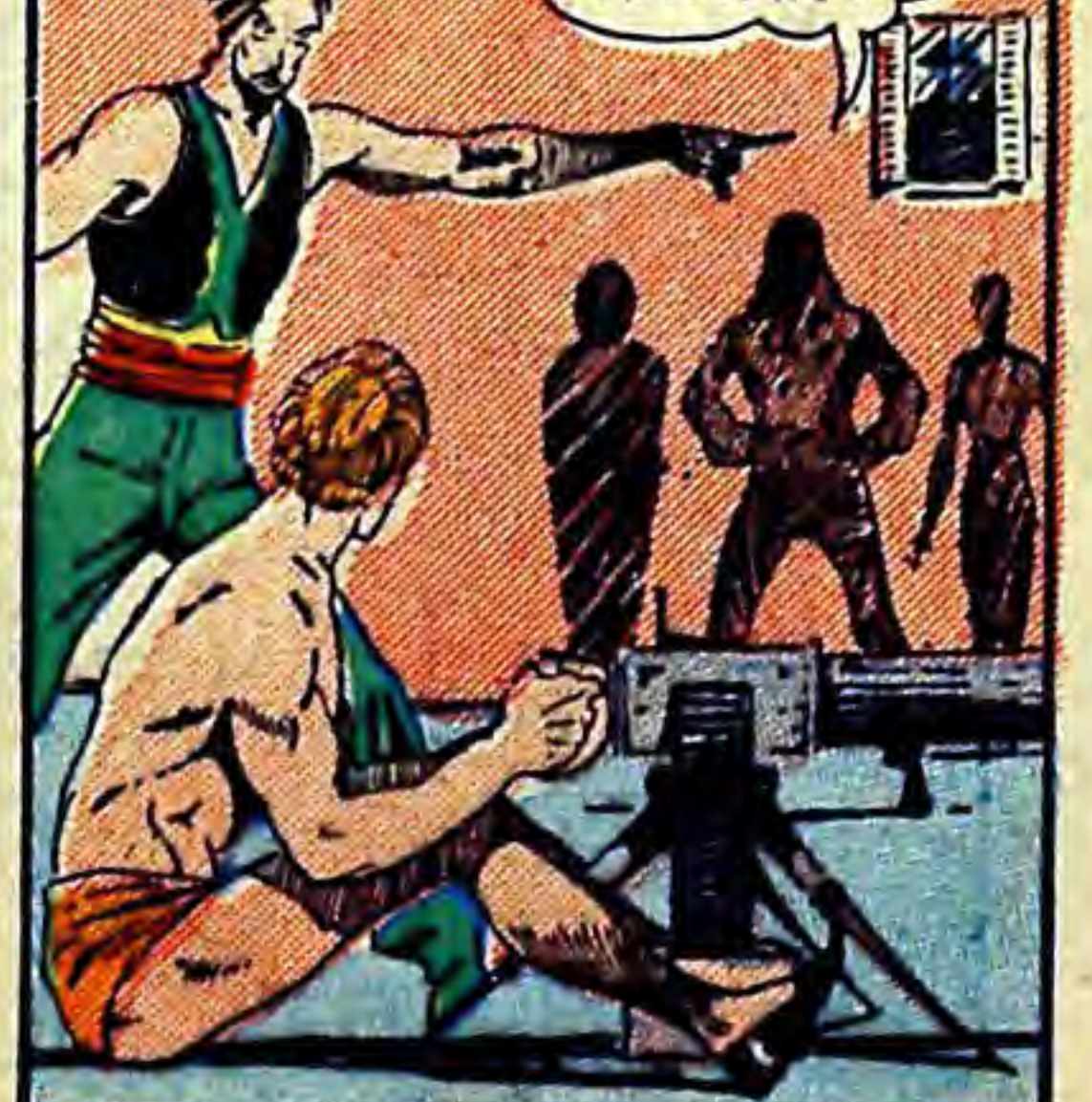
THE POWER OF THE BLACK MAGIC OVERCOMES THE MYSTIC STRENGTH OF THE MAGIC SPEARHEAD, REVEALING HALE AND THE OTHERS.

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!

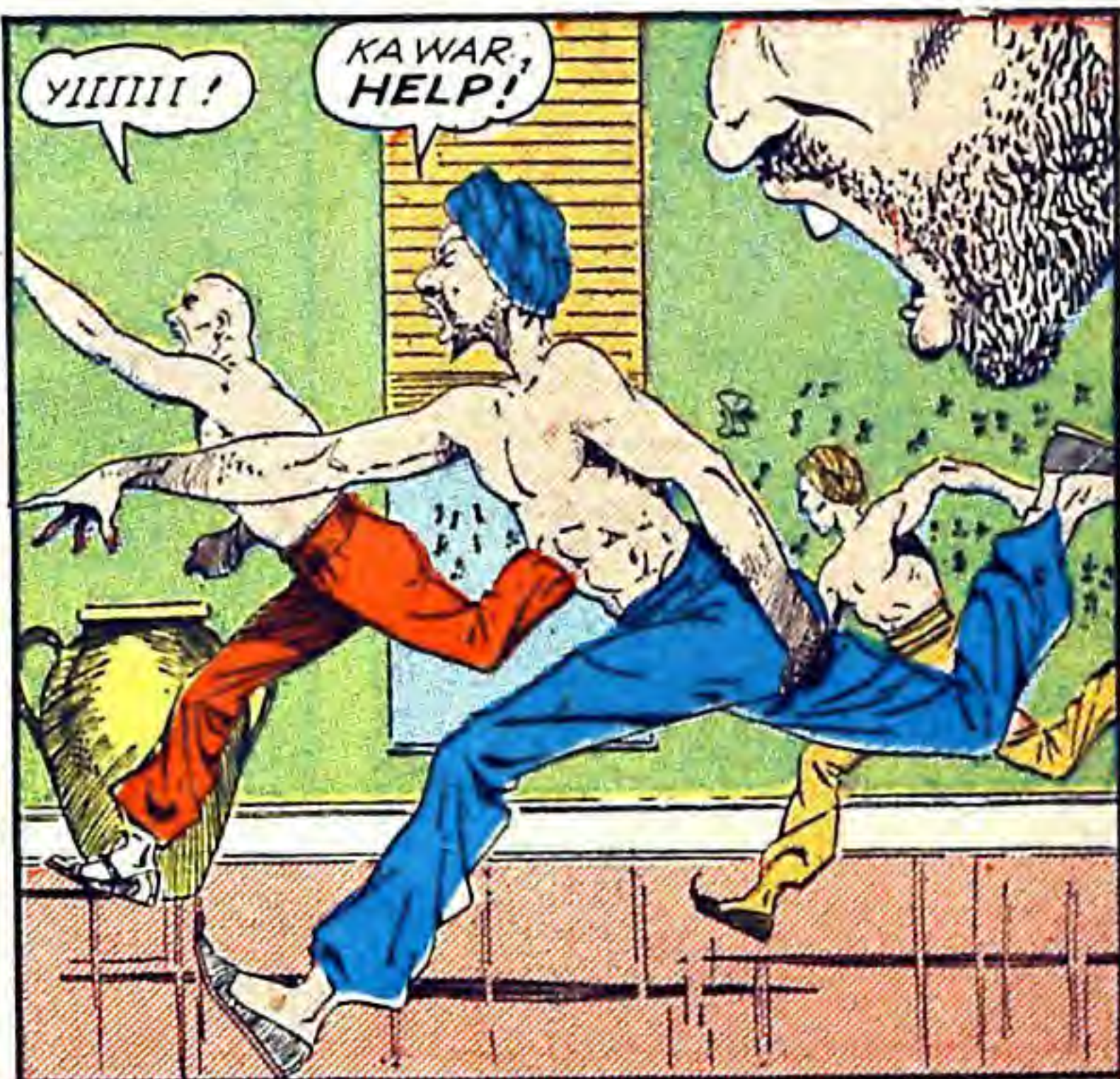
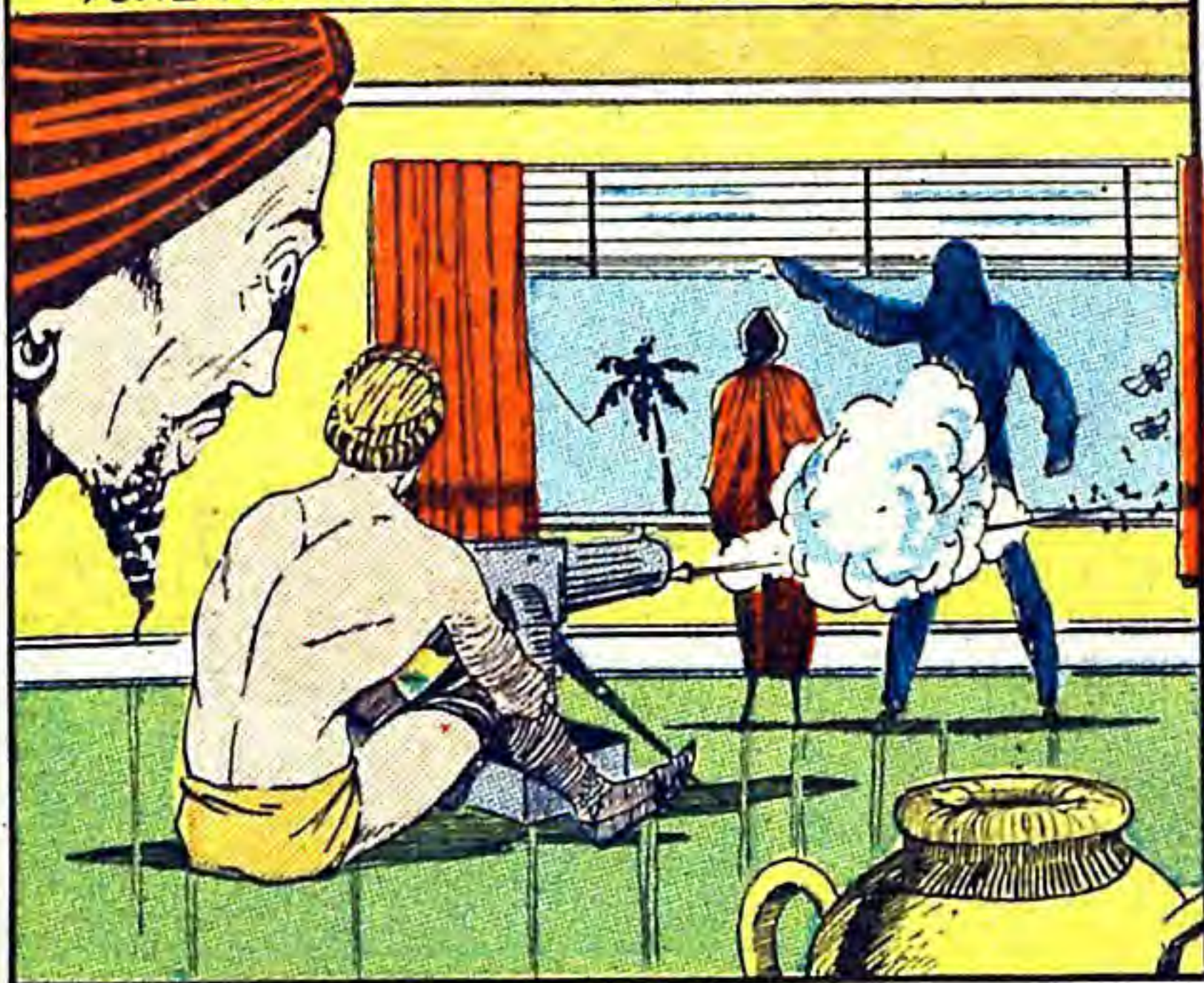
HA, SO MY BLACK MAGIC WORKS.



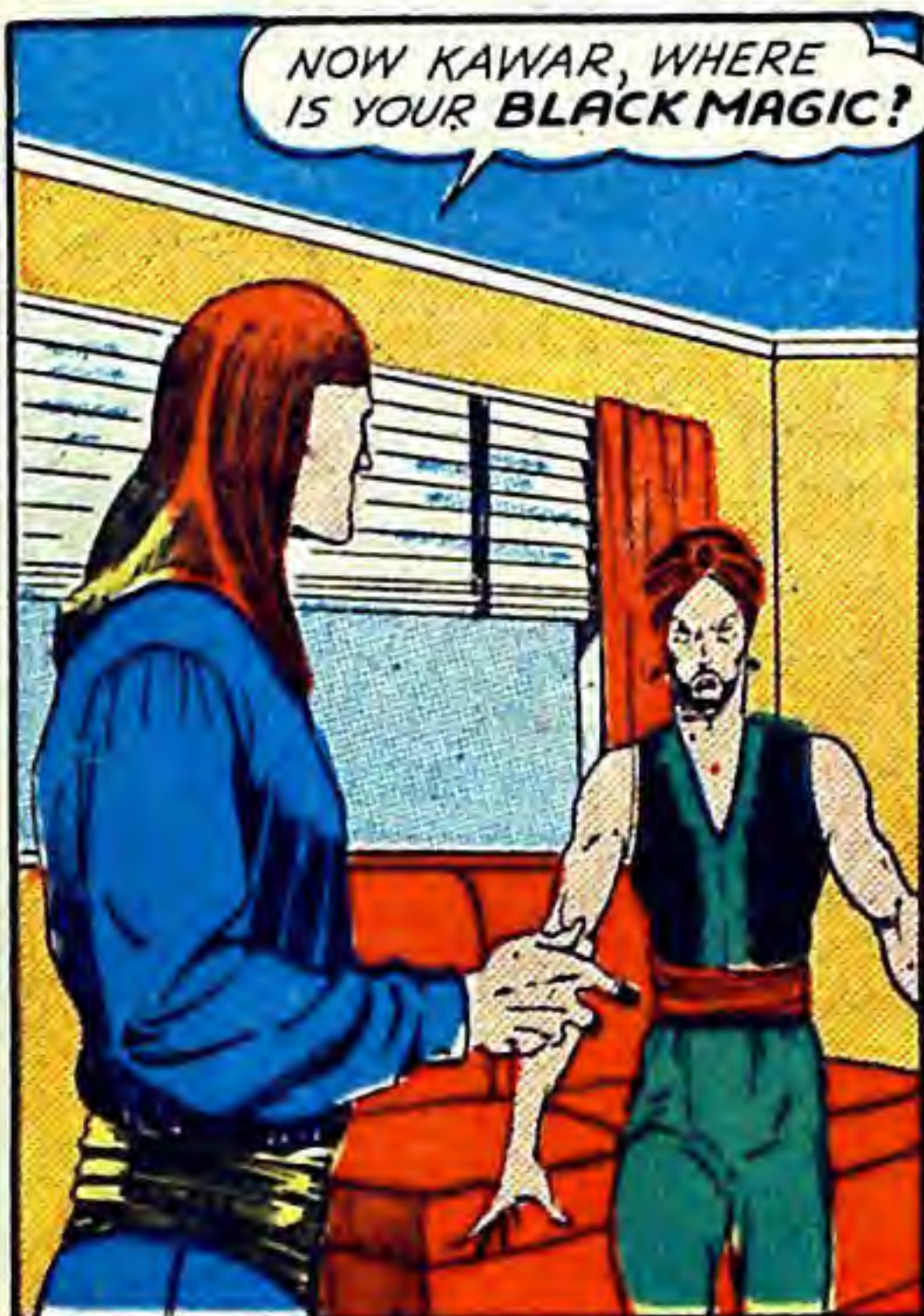
SHOOT THEM DOWN WITH THE MACHINE-GUN! TURN THE BULLETS INTO BEES AND ATTACK ALL MY ENEMIES, BUT KAWAR.



AS THE BULLETS POUR OUT OF THE GUN, THE MYSTIC POWER OF THE SPEARHEAD OBEYS HALE'S COMMAND.



NOW KAWAR, WHERE IS YOUR **BLACK MAGIC**?



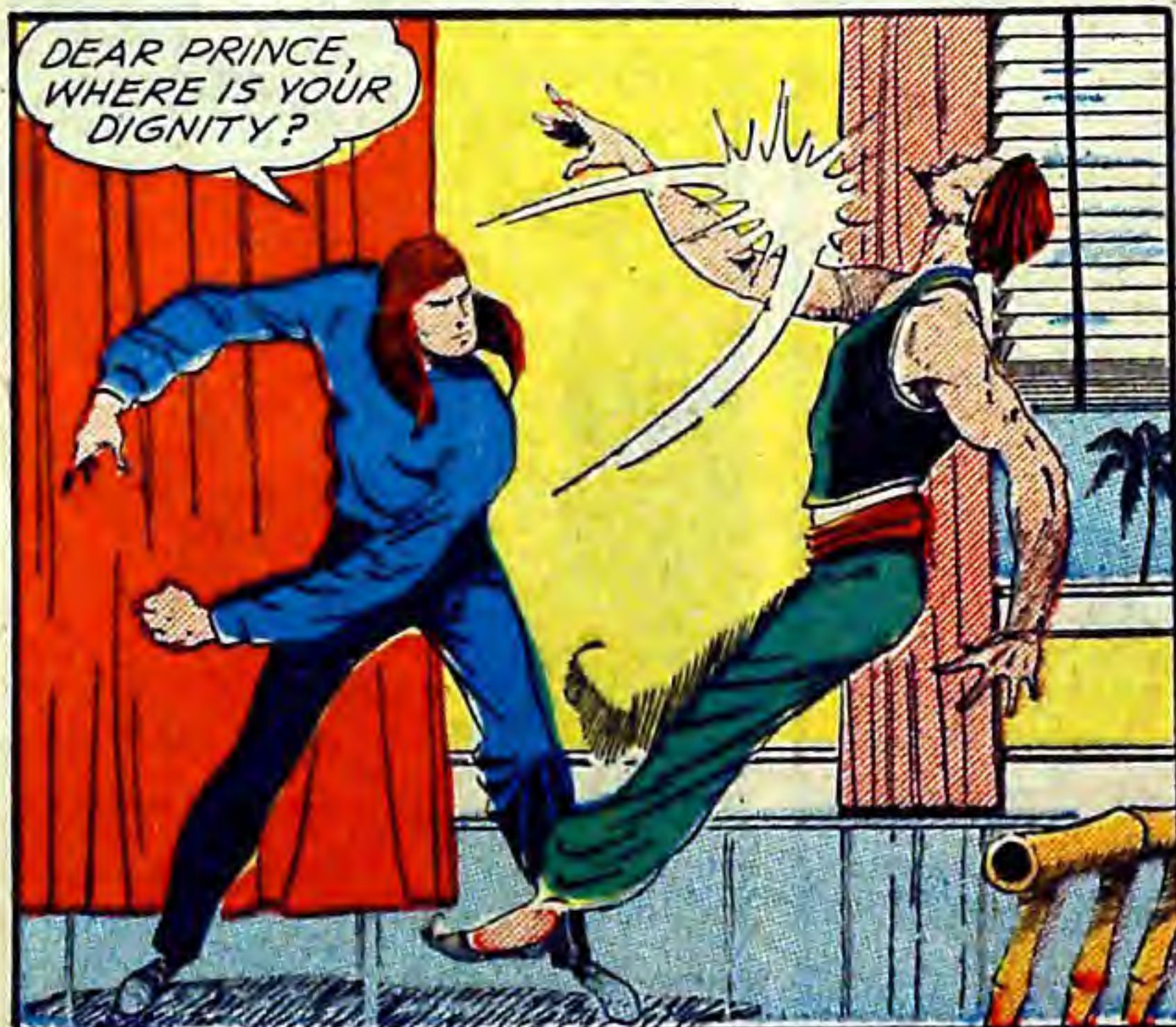
BLAST YOU HALE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU. NOW I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF!



LET'S SEE IF YOUR **BLACK MAGIC** CAN SAVE YOU FROM THIS?

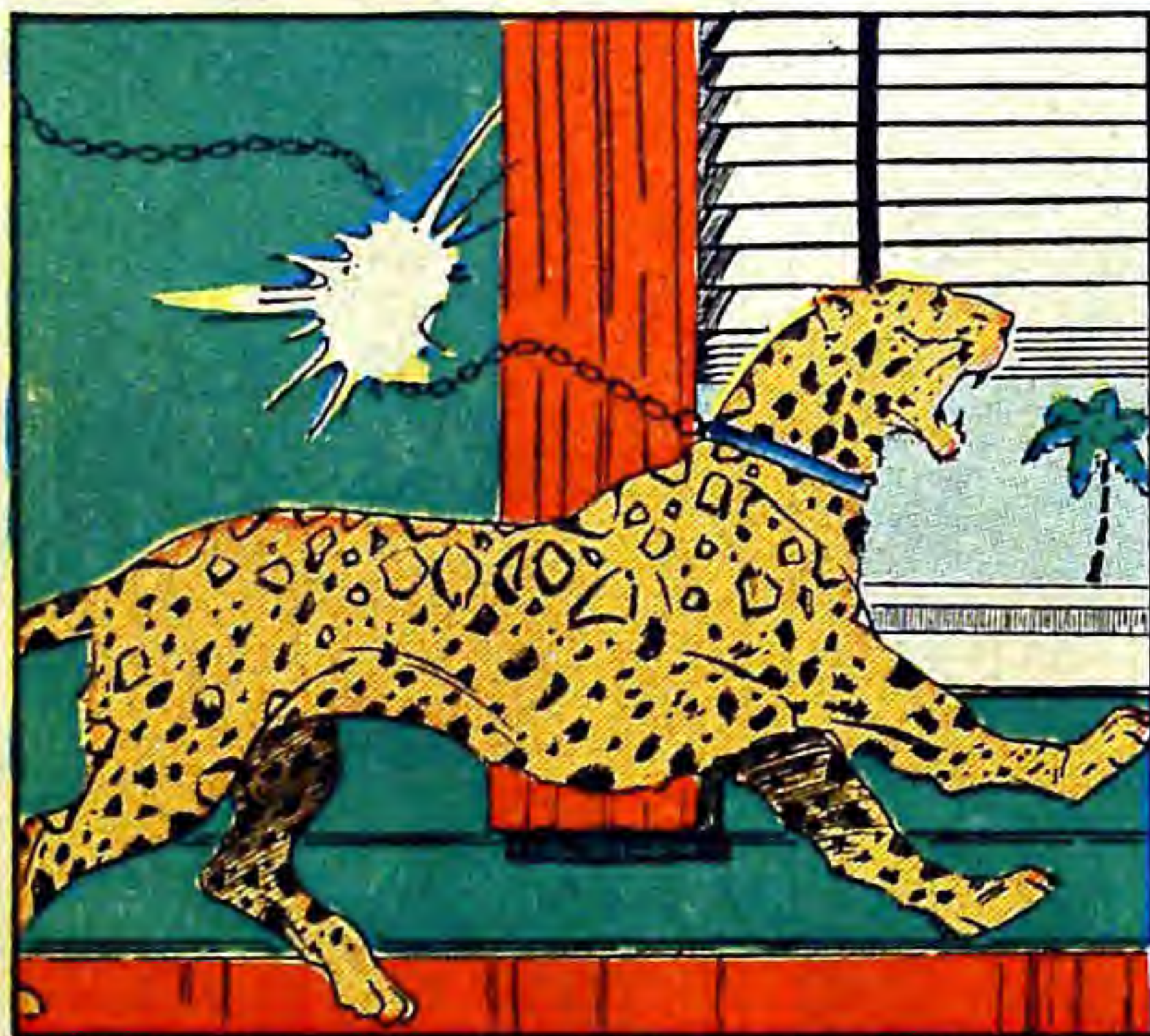


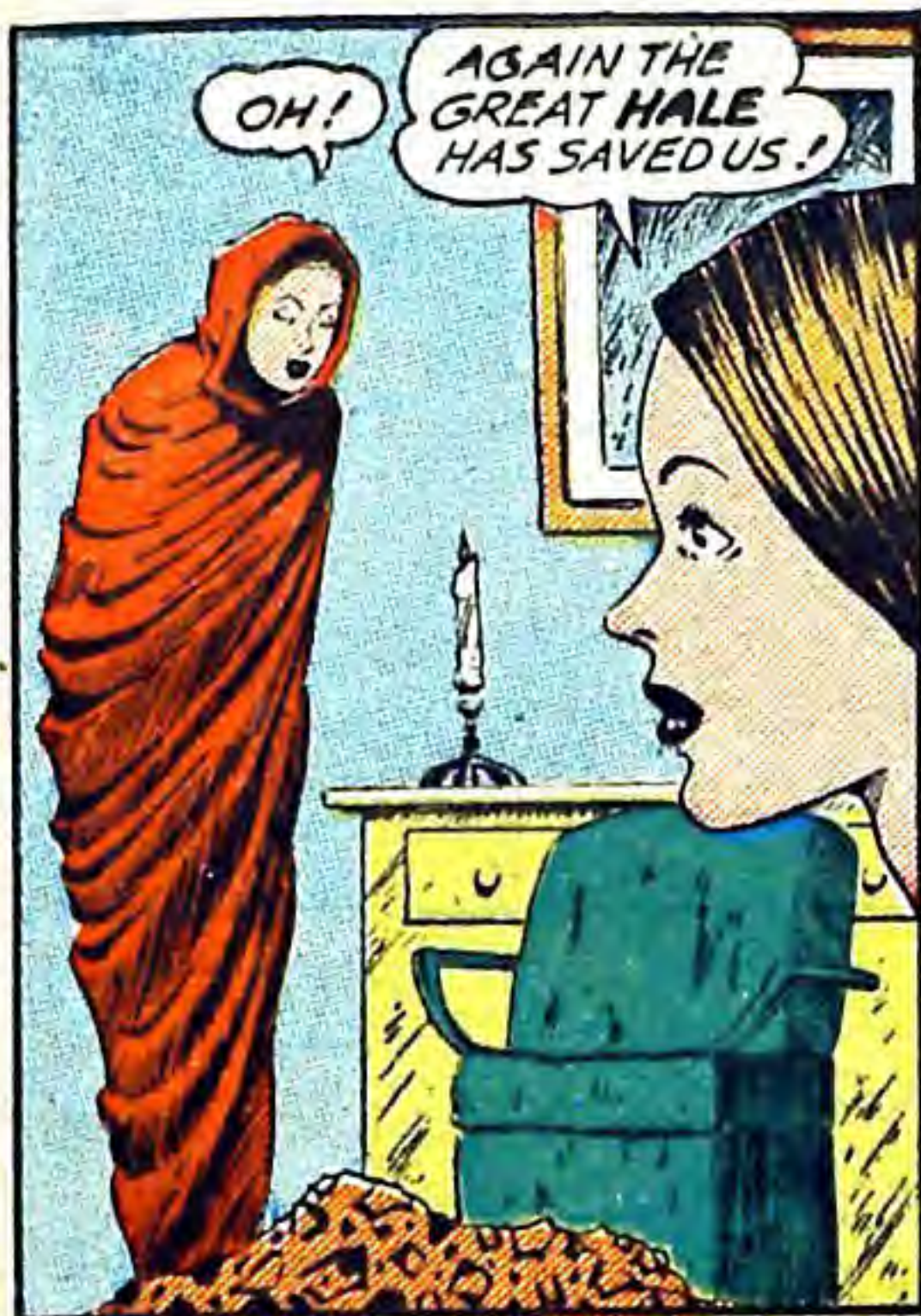
DEAR PRINCE, WHERE IS YOUR **DIGNITY**?

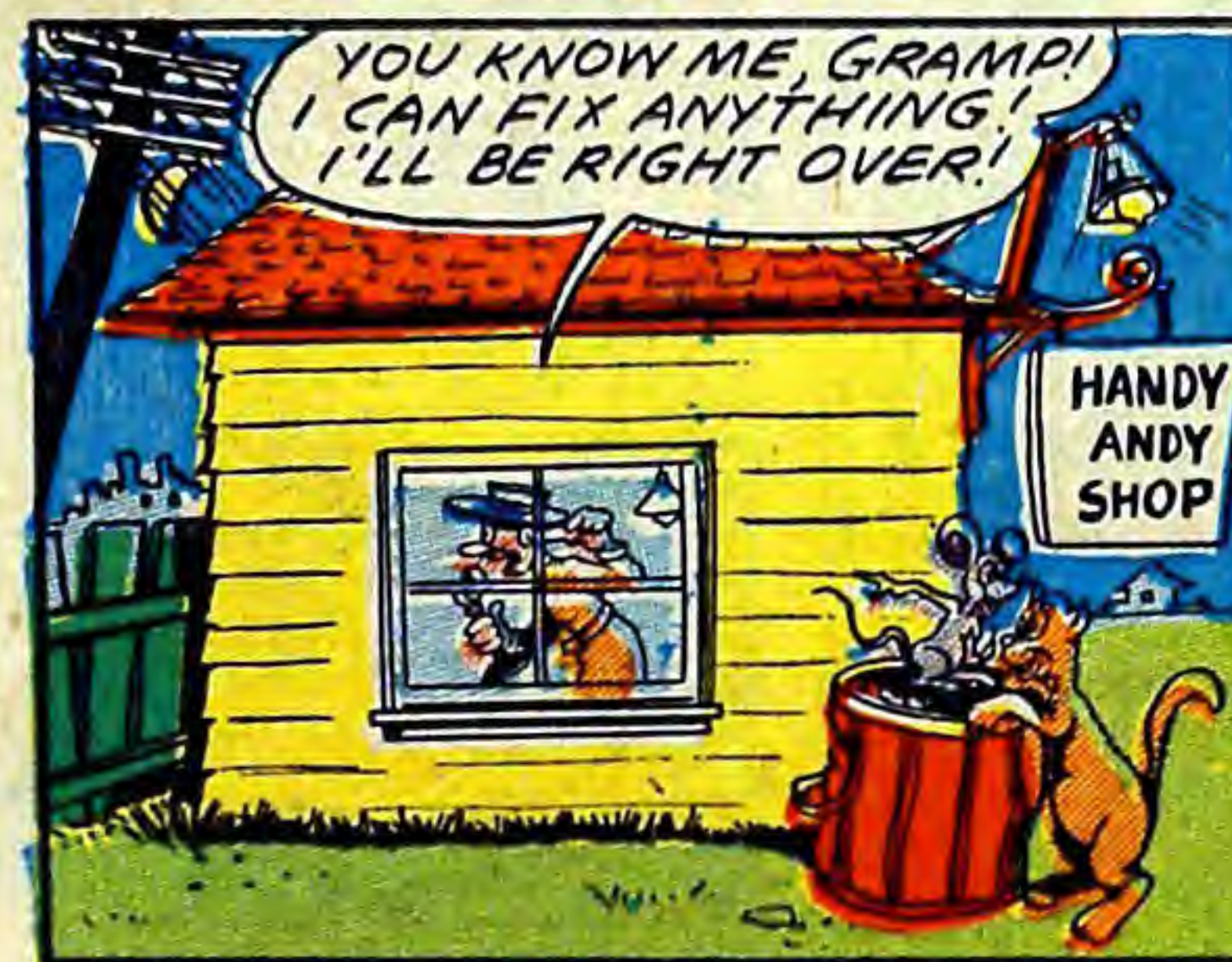
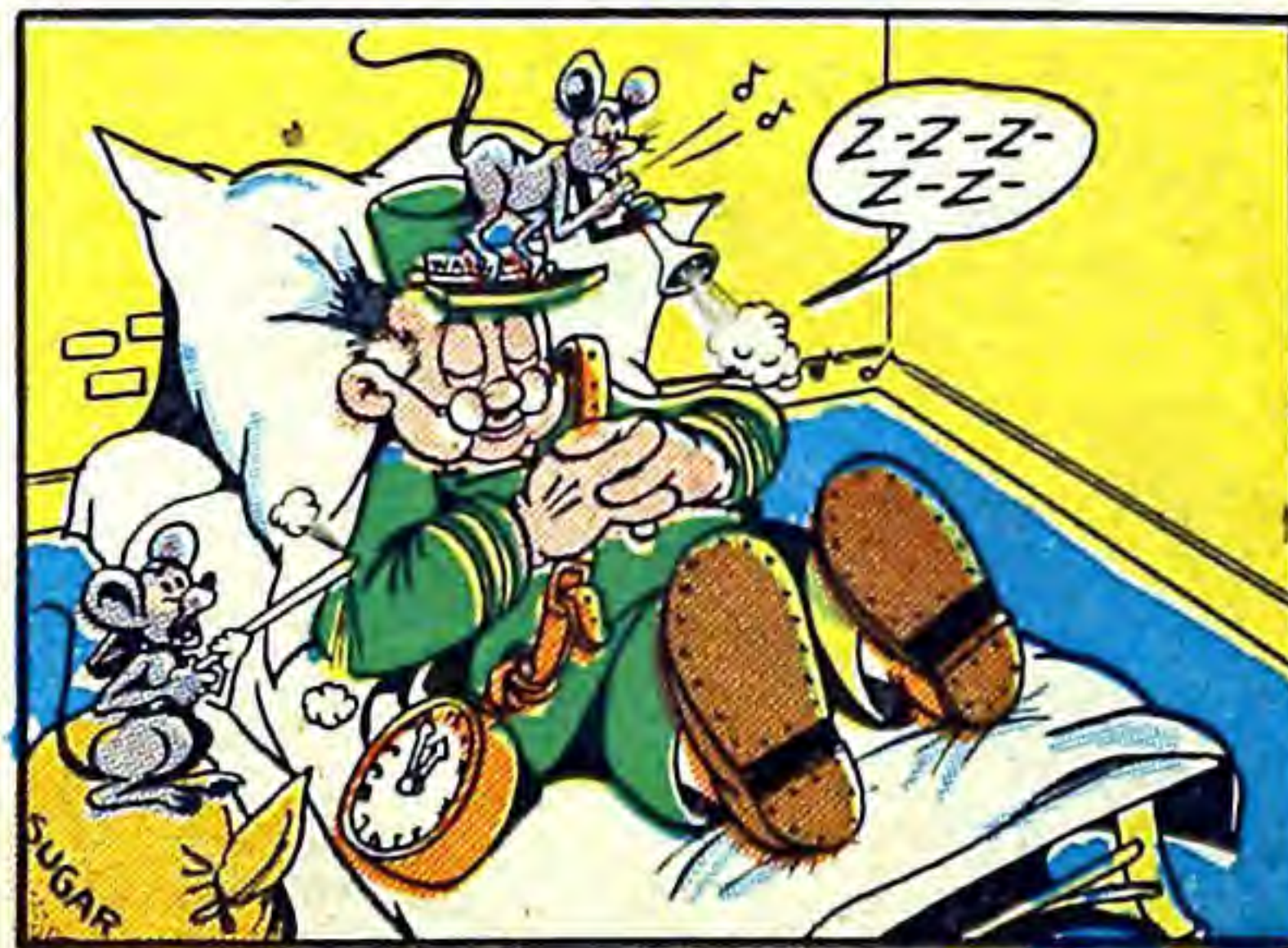


KAWAR'S PET LEOPARD STRAINS AT ITS CHAIN.

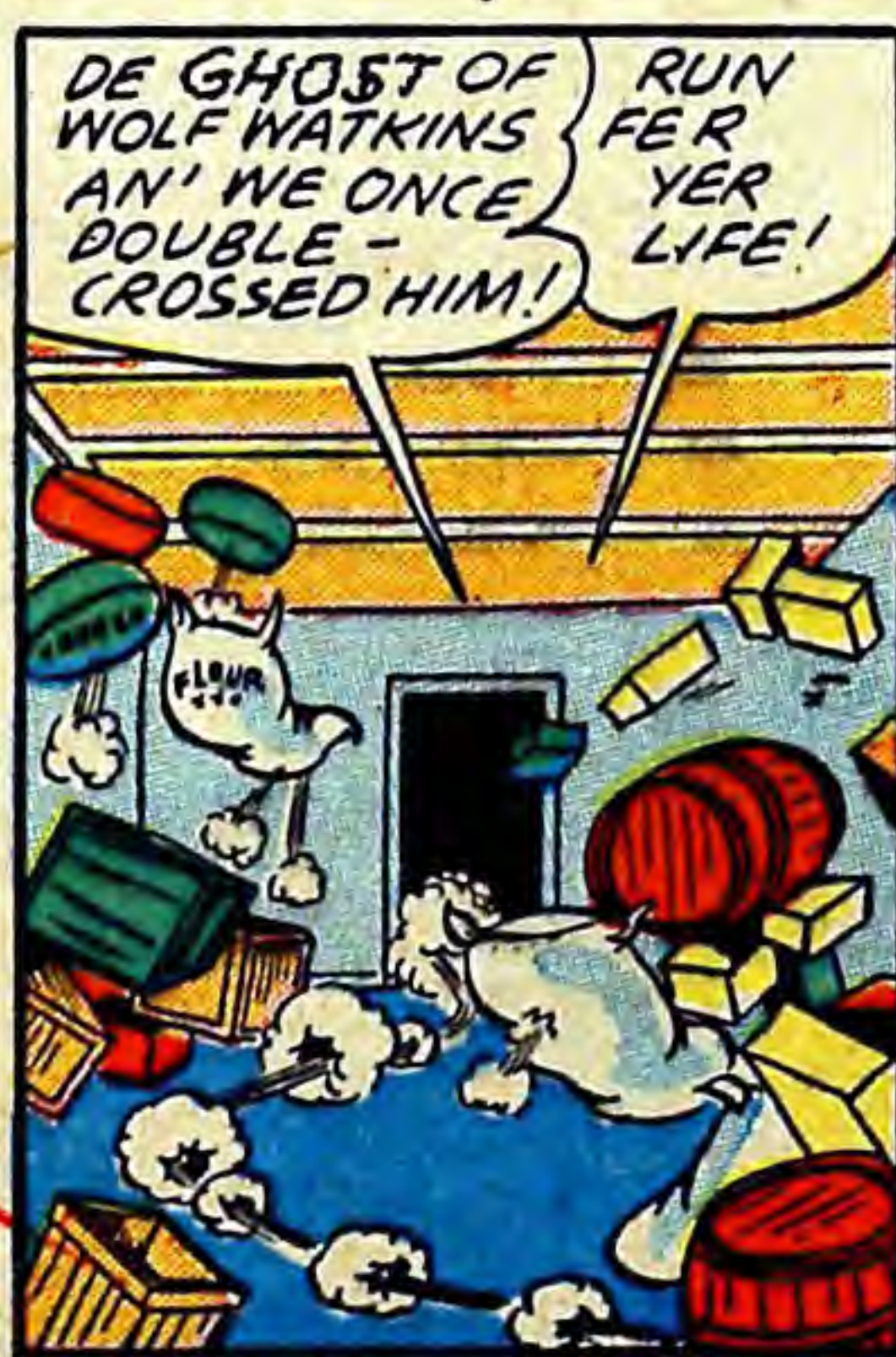
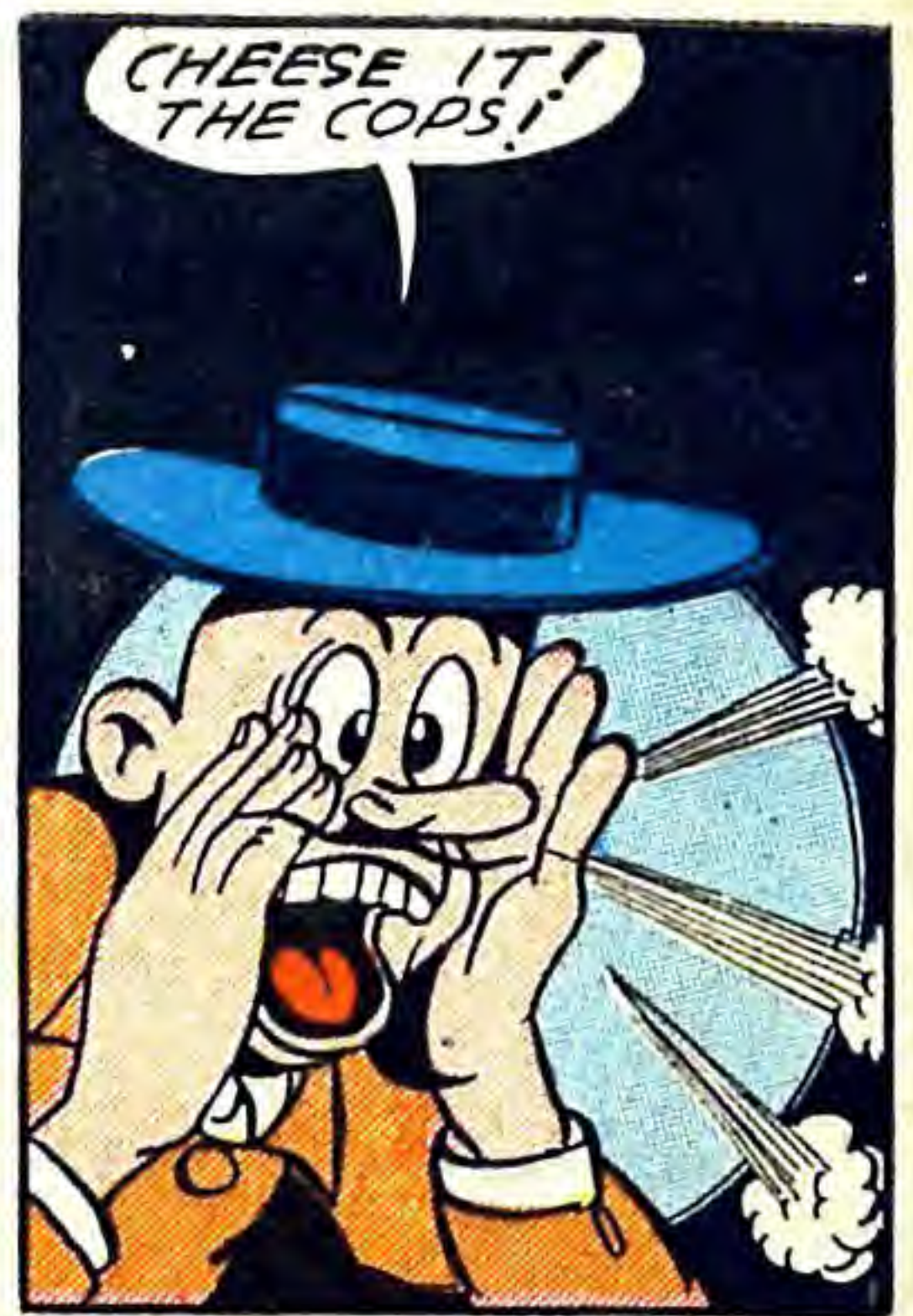


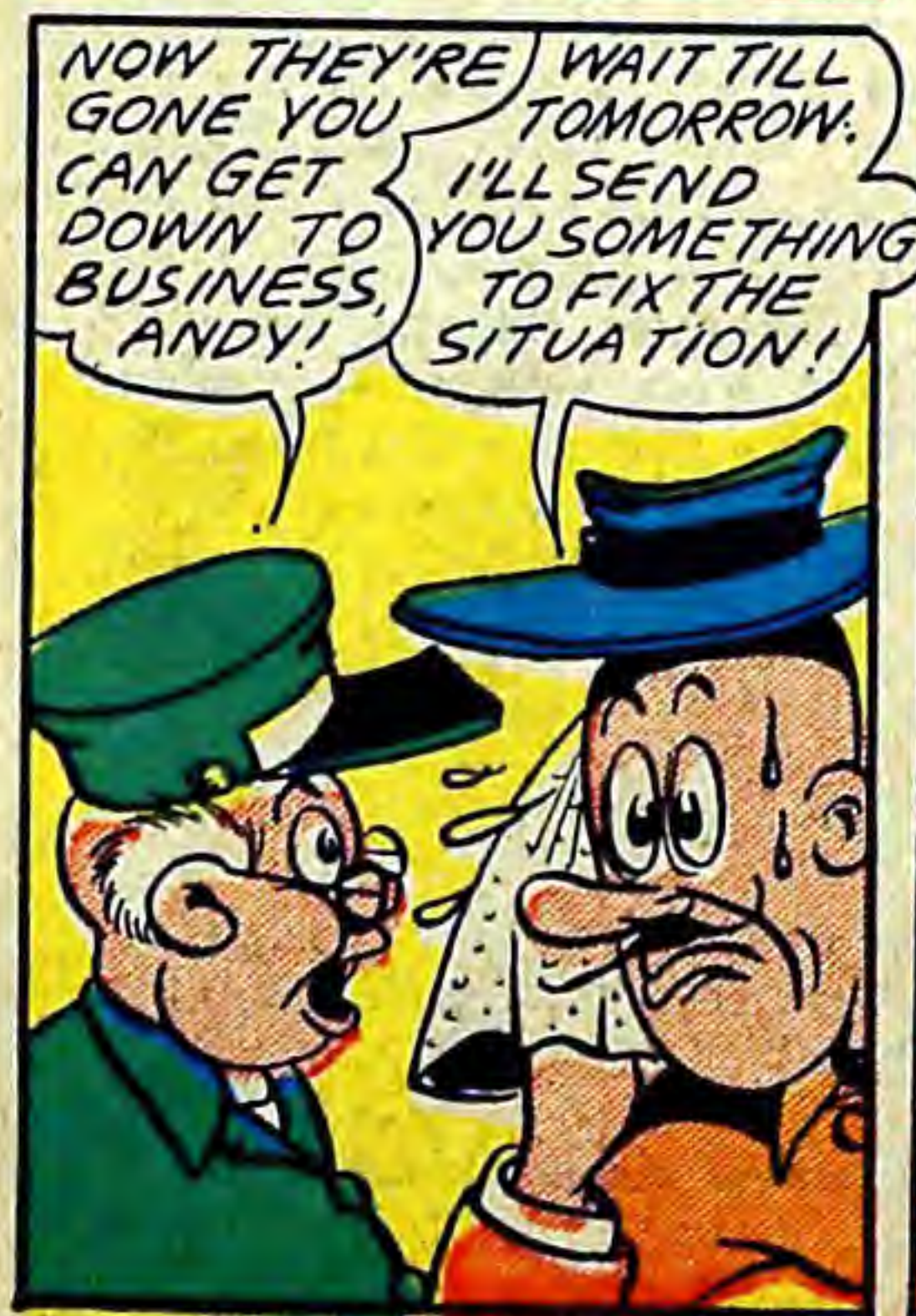




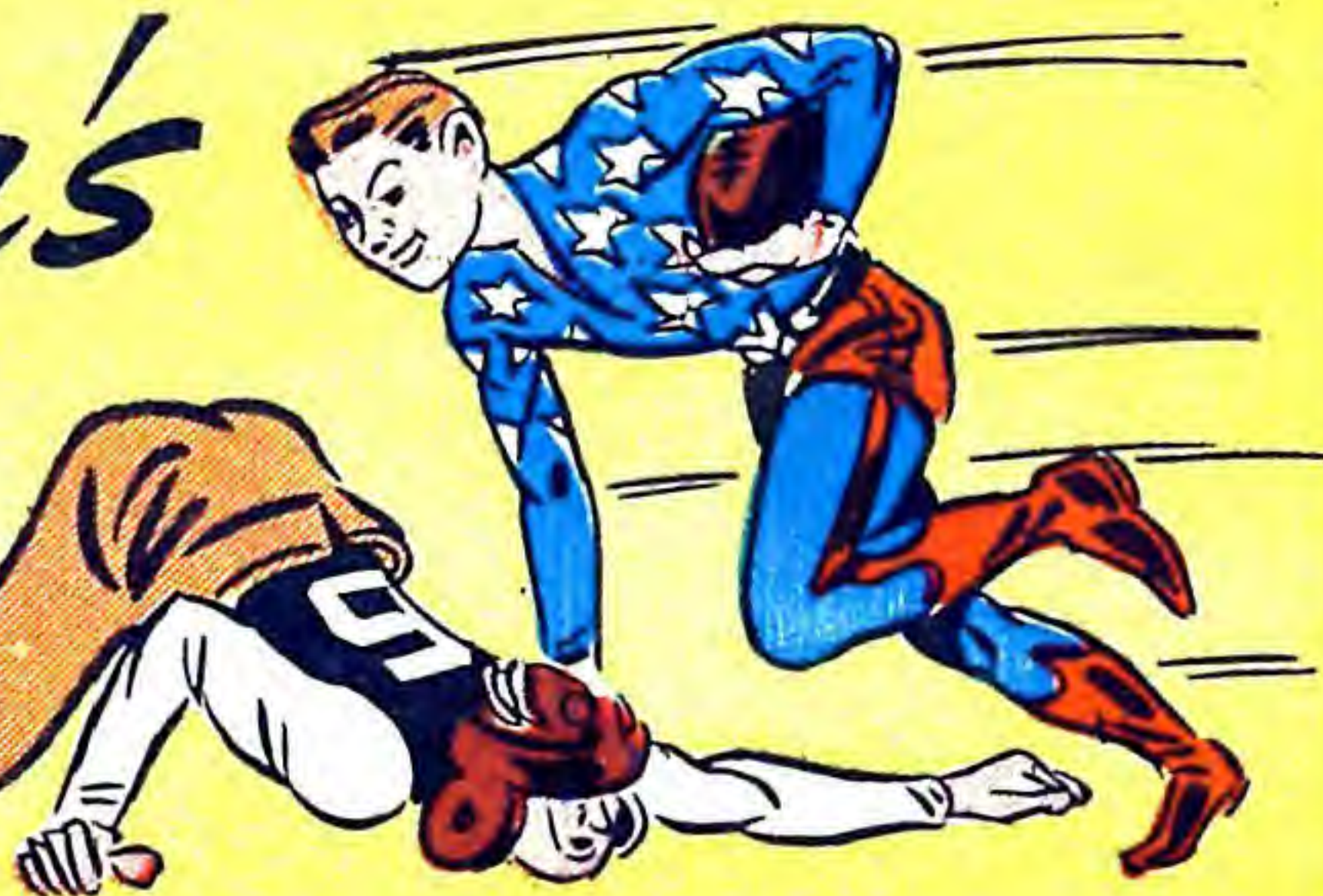








Gambler's PAYOFF



The blazing bonfire of the Hale Prep victory rally was dying down. Coach Johnson was making the last speech:

"Fellows," he began, "we want to win tomorrow's game from Dudley for a good reason. By winning we'll finish our schedule undefeated and win the Harmon Athletic Award—ten thousand dollars to the high school in this state whose football team wins every game on its schedule."

"We already know what's to be done with the money," Johnson continued. "You boys have voted to donate it to the Red Cross."

"Ten thousand dollars!" whistled Yankee Boy. "I wish I could play in tomorrow's game, but I've got to catch the Bentley gang."

Meanwhile a sleek black car was rolling into the town of Hale. Inside the car, John Bentley, smug leader of the five men, spoke from the corner of his mouth. "Hale is a five to one favorite, and we've got ten grand bet on Dudley. We'll have to snatch Hale's coach and backfield. Then, when Hale loses, we collect fifty thousand bucks!"

Cheers greeted the Hale team as they ran onto the gridiron the following afternoon. But a gasp came from Yankee Boy.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "Where's Coach Johnson and our backfield?"

With four substitutes on the Hale eleven, the game started. The two teams battled grimly through a scoreless first quarter. It was late in the third period that Dudley got a break. Mitchell of Hale fumbled on his own six yard line and the pigskin was grabbed by a Dudley lineman. With a trick play around left end, Dudley carried the ball over the goal line for a 6 to 0 lead. But they failed to score the additional point.

As late afternoon shadows settled over the field, only two minutes of play remained. Yankee

Boy made his way to the Hale locker room. Inside, his ears caught two muffled voices.

"It looks bad, Sarge. I picked up a tip that the Bentley mob bet heavy on Dudley."

Slipping past the two policemen, Yankee Boy went to his locker and changed into his football outfit. There were only thirty-five seconds of play left when he ran onto the field. The ball was on Hale's forty yard line.

Yankee Boy went in at quarterback. The center crouched over the ball as Yankee Boy called the signals. The ball shot back into his hands. He faded back for a pass, but seeing a break around left end, he took it. The field was clear. He ran a zigzag trail to the goal line.

Cheers rose from the grandstand!

Then Yankee Boy dropkicked the winning point over the goal post. Seconds later the game was over.

Yankee Boy ran back to the locker room and changed quickly. Breaking through the crowd he ran down a street behind the stadium. A sleek black car drew alongside him and three men leaped out. Yankee Boy offered no resistance as they pushed him into the car.

The car stopped outside a shack on the outskirts of the town. When Bentley led Yankee Boy inside the shack and he saw the coach and backfield men bound and gagged, Yankee Boy went into action. For three minutes the walls of the shack rocked with yells and smashing blows. Then the fight was over and Yankee Boy was freeing his coach and team mates.

Not till they had turned Bentley and his men over to the police did the coach and the backfield boys ask for the results of the game.

"Sure we won," Yankee Boy told them. "But we'd have piled up a greater victory if you'd been there."

"Who scored the touchdown?" the coach asked.

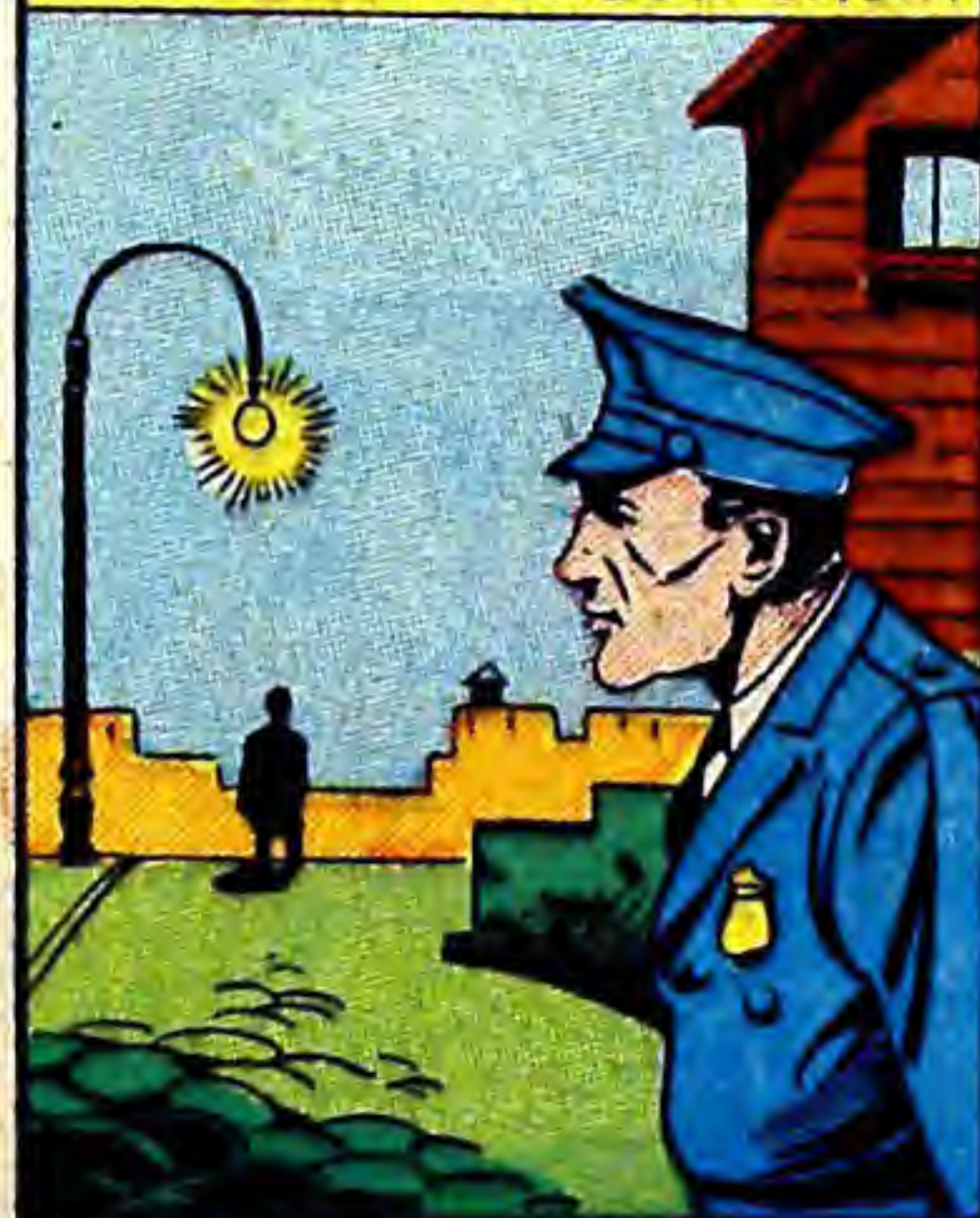
"Well, er, I did, Coach," Yankee Boy admitted. "But it was just luck."

ROCKET BOY

WITH THE SPEED OF A ROCKET, BILLY WOODS HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE TITANIC STRUGGLE TO SMASH THE SINISTER BAND OF DOCK RATS THAT PREY ON SHIPS AND WAREHOUSES ALONG THE WATERFRONT.



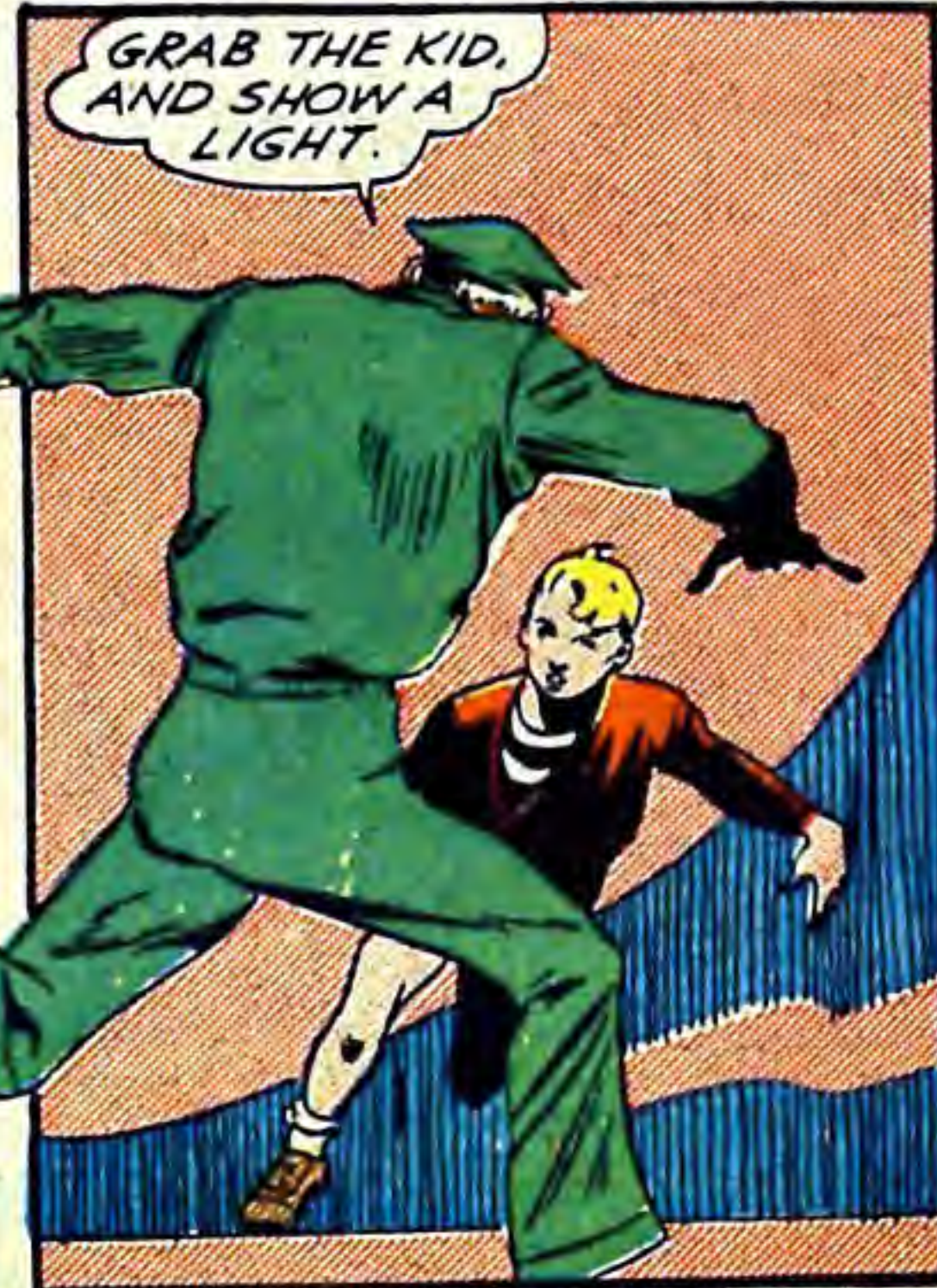
BILLY WOODS RETURNS . . .
HOME FROM A VISIT TO A
SICK SCHOOL CHUM.



THIS IS A BAD SECTION FOR A YOUNG MAN TO BE WALKING ALONE AT MID-NIGHT. BETTER GET ON HOME, SON.

I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW, OFFICER.







AT ONE OF THE LIGHTHOUSES OFF A DANGEROUS ROCKY-POINT.



MARTHA: OUR FORTUNE HAS COME TO US... IT'S AMBERGRIS-THIS PIECE WILL BRING US ENOUGH TO RETIRE ON.

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! WE WILL BE ABLE TO LIVE ON SHORE LIKE OTHER PEOPLE AND HAVE OUR OWN HOUSE AND GARDEN.

ARE YOU SURE THE AMBERGRIS IS WORTH ENOUGH SO WE CAN GIVE UP THIS LIFE AND RETURN TO THE MAINLAND?

POSITIVELY, I'M GOING TO CALL THE TAVERN AND TELL THEM TO SEND A PURCHASING AGENT OUT.



AT A TAVERN ON THE COAST, SITS BLACK PETE AND HIS HENCHMEN.

IT'S THE LIGHTHOUSE CALLING. THE OLD COUPLE ARE LONELY AND WANT TO GOSSIP, I'LL BET.

WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO. TELL THEM TO SHUT UP!



IT'S OLD SAM, HE PULLED IN A HUNK OF AMBERGRIS, WORTH TWENTY GRAND. WANTS AN AGENT OVER THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



SHUT UP ABOUT THIS- I'M TAKING THE BOYS OUT THERE TONIGHT AND TAKE IT OFF SAM'S HANDS.

IT'S AN EASY JOB. THEY'RE OLD. 'T'WILL BE EASY PICKING.



WE'LL HAVE THAT STUFF IN HALF AN HOUR.



UNSEEN A SILENT SENTRY RECOGNIZES THE FLEEING FIGURES

THAT WAS BLACK PETE!



WONDER WHAT NEW DIRTY WORK HE'S UP TO?



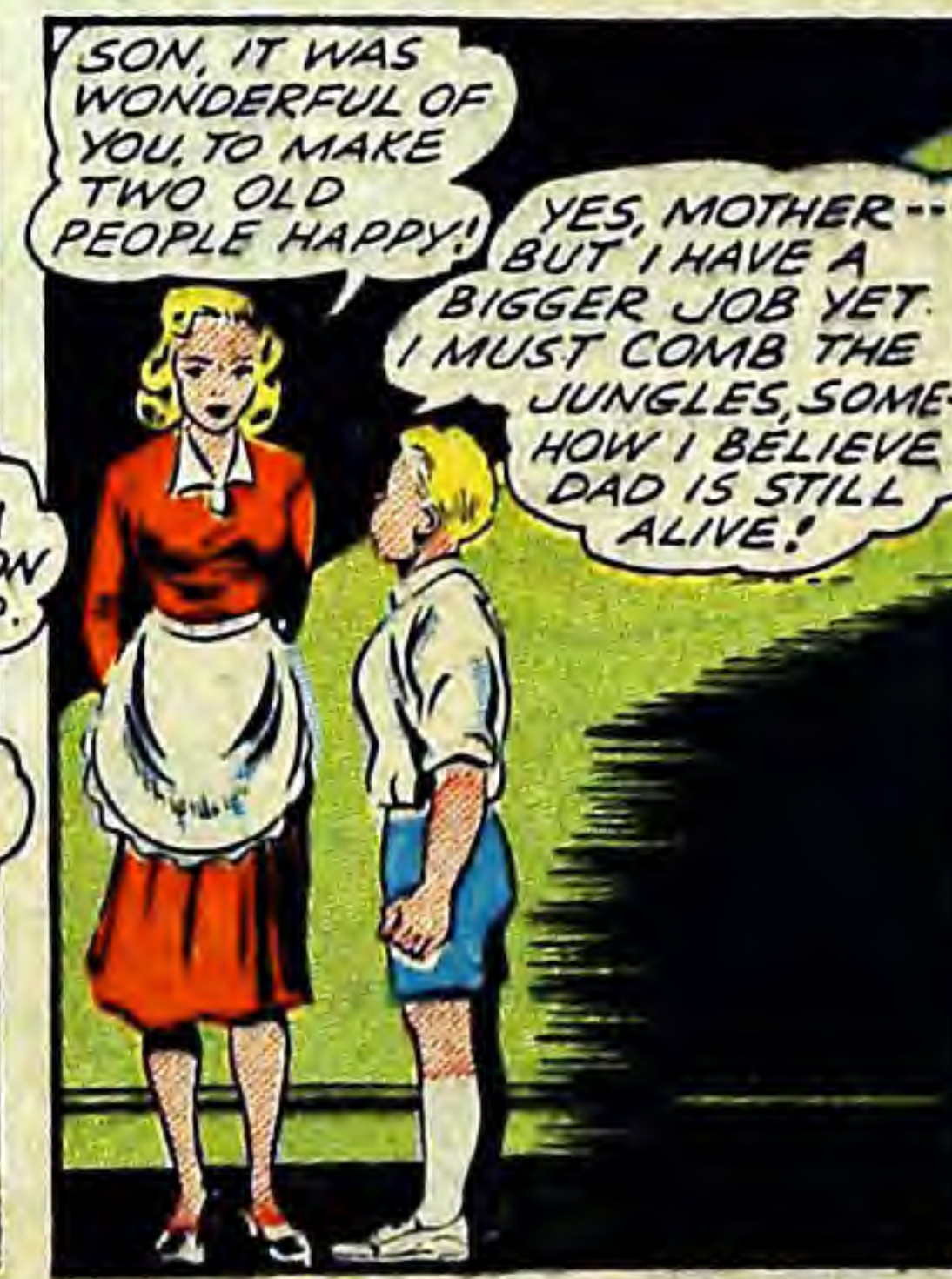
AND INSTANTLY, THE HUSKY ROCKETBOY IS PROPELLED THROUGH THE AIR BY THE POWERFUL HELICOPTER



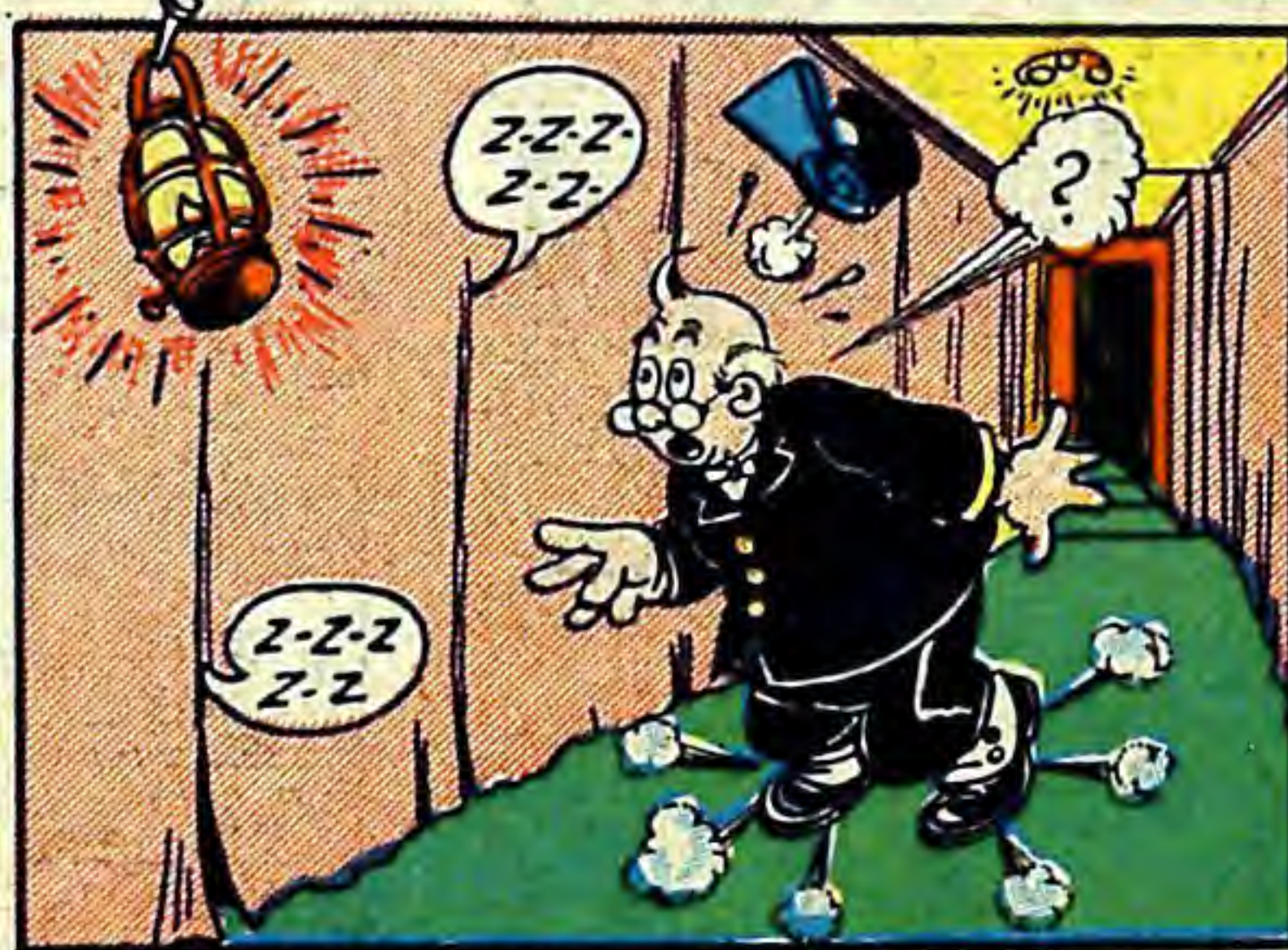
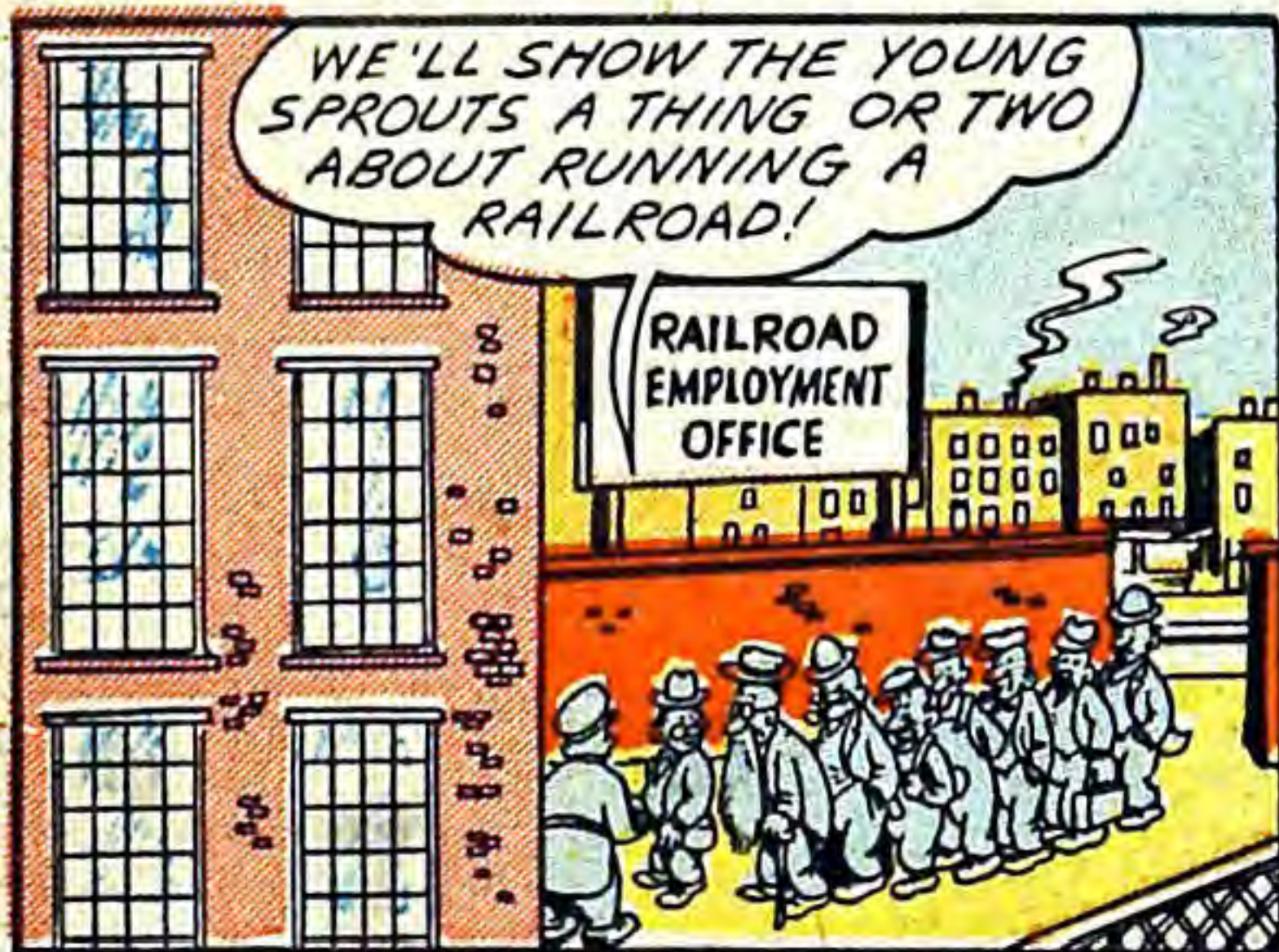
AT THE LIGHTHOUSE, AN EXCITED COUPLE WELCOMES THE APPROACHING BOAT







FOXY GRANDPA

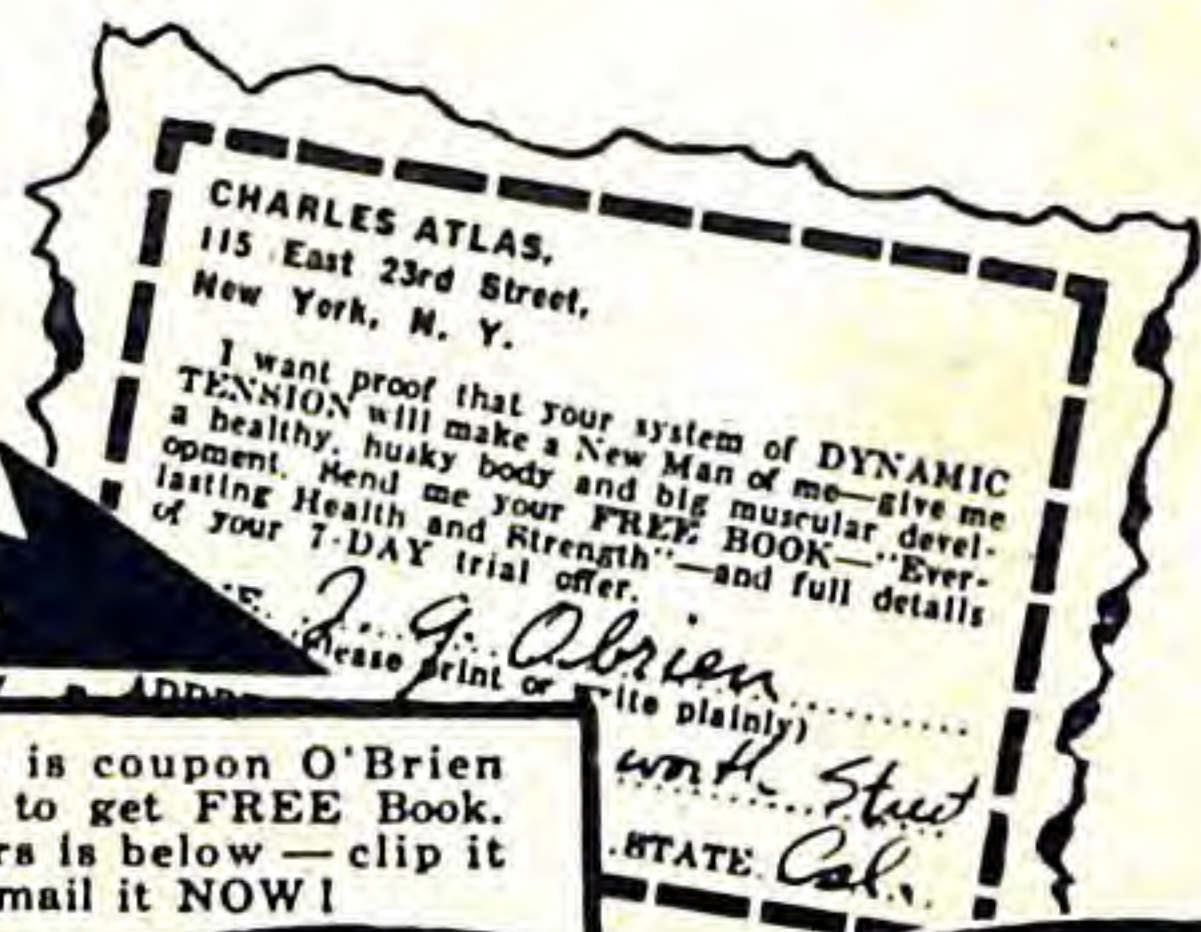
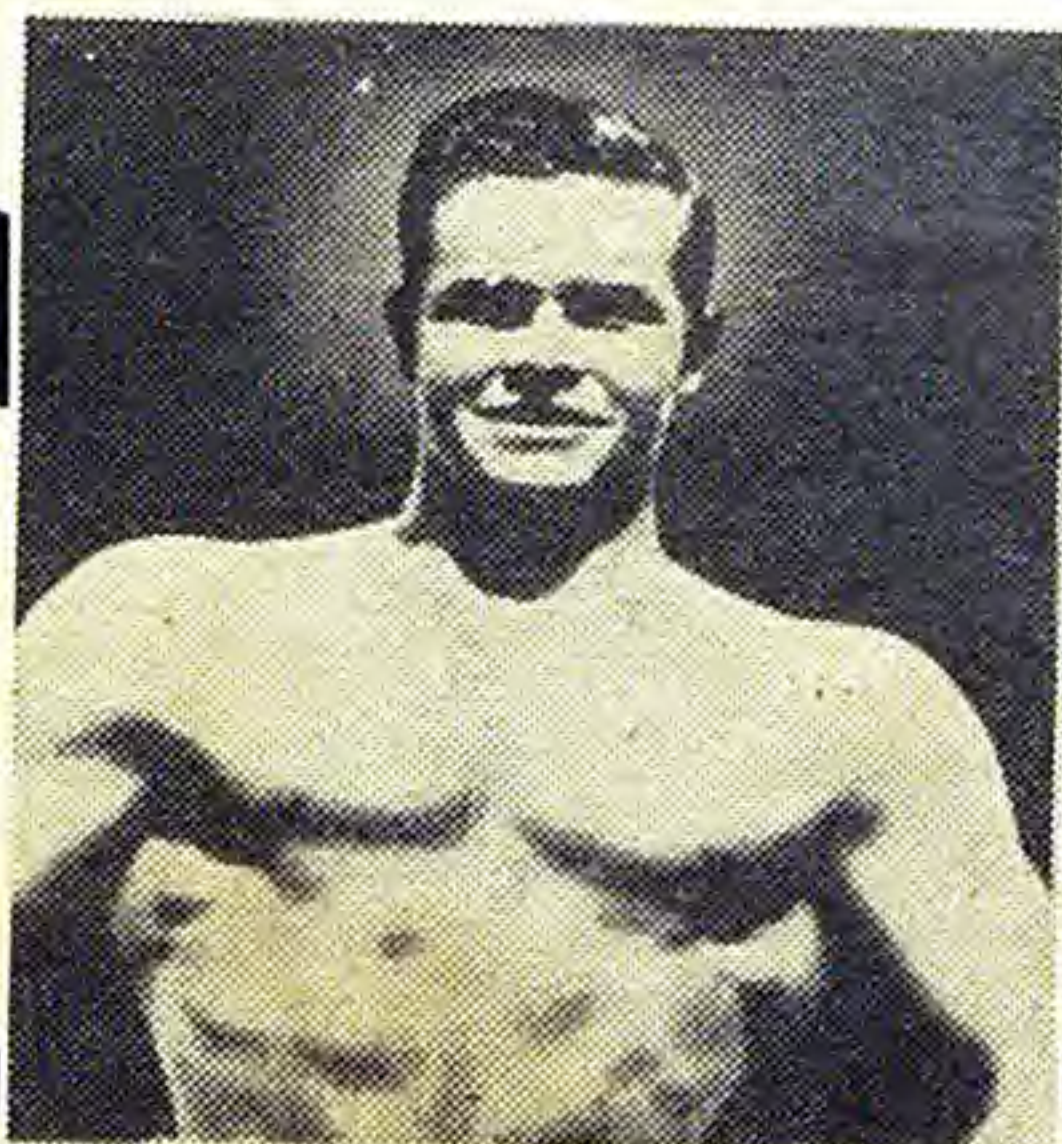


HE Mailed This Coupon

J. G. O'BRIEN

Atlas Champion
Cup Winner

This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' Californian pupils.



This is coupon O'Brien sent to get FREE Book. Yours is below—clip it and mail it NOW!

...and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!



J. G. O'BRIEN saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man. NOW read what he says:

"Look at me NOW! 'Dynamic Tension' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"
J. G. O'Brien.

"I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN" *Charles Atlas*

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

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